

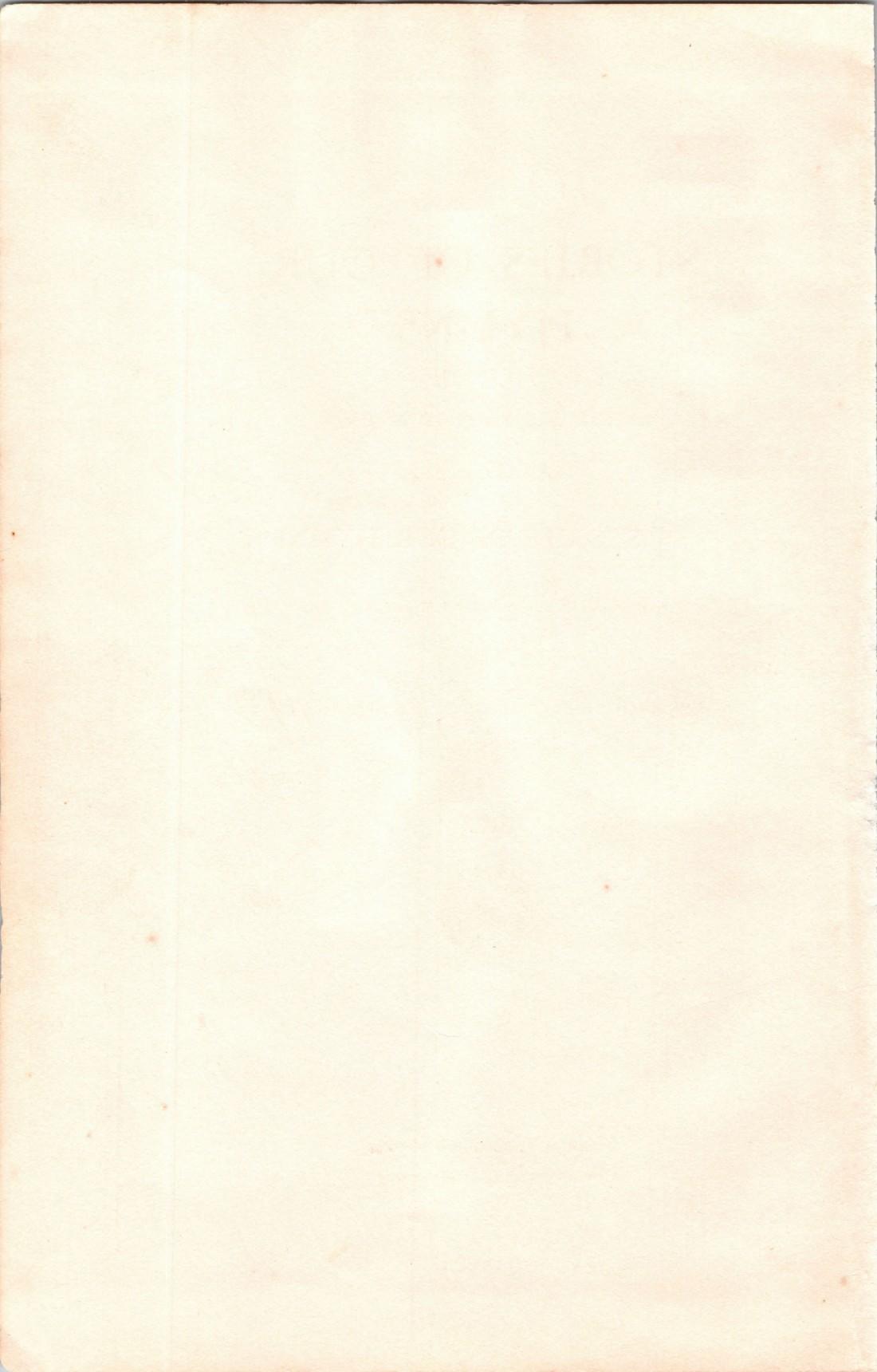
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STORIES OF OUR HYMNS



STORIES OF OUR HYMNS

LATTER DAY SAINT HYMNS AND
THEIR COMPOSERS

CARLYLE F. KUEFFER, EDITOR

NARRATIVES BY CALLIE B. STEBBINS AND
LOUISE EVANS



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who have made both major and minor contributions
to this book

Dedicated
to
The Memory of his Mother

(Printed in U. S. A., 1938)

FOREWORD

In July, 1830, a revelation was given (Section 24) appointing Emma Smith to make a selection of hymns for the use of the church. The earliest publication was in *The Evening and The Morning Star*, June, 1832, to July, 1833. Two of the twenty-four hymns there published still survive.

The first hymnbook appears to be *A Selection of Sacred Hymns*, by Emma Smith, published at Kirtland in 1835. It appears probable that some copies may have been printed in 1836. This work contained 90 hymns, 17 of them are to be found in the new *Hymnal*.

Then in 1841, at Nauvoo, a second and larger edition was published, 304 hymns, selected by Emma Smith. This work is taken almost as standard.

When Joseph Smith III came to the reorganized church, April 6, 1860, he was accompanied by his mother and the conference appointed her a committee of one to make a selection of hymns. This was published at Cincinnati in 1861, and is composed of 249 hymns.

A later edition was published in 1864. This consists of the 1861 edition to which is added an appendix of 37 hymns. The 1861 edition appears to be rare. A number of copies exist of the 1864 edition.

Other special collections were made but only one of them is referred to in this work, that of Benjamin C. Elsworth, published in 1839, containing 114 hymns. This appears to have been modeled on the collections of Emma Smith, as its introduction corresponded with the change of only one or two words.

In the meantime the majority of the Quorum of Twelve went to Europe, in 1840, and there published the European edition of hymns. This collection differed in several respects from the selection of Emma Smith, but has been regularly used in England and elsewhere.

In the reorganized church a committee was appointed of Joseph Smith, David H. Smith, Mark H. Forscutt and Norman W. Smith. They published a much larger collection in 1870, of 1,120 hymns, under the title of *Saints' Harp*.

All of the preceding books were words only. They evidently possessed, however, a collection of tunes, as tunes were named for each of the hymns at the dedication of Kirtland Temple. Mark H. Forscutt, in particular, made a selection of tunes for our church use. To this were added many hymns by him and other musicians of the church. This was published in 1889 as *Saints' Harmony*.

This large book, with tunes and words, and divided pages, proved quite cumbersome so a smaller selection was made by a duly appointed committee, Ralph G. Smith, Arthur H. Mills, and Lucy L. Ressegue and the *Saints' Hymnal* was presented to the church in 1895. To this first printing was added further hymns from time to time under the same title.

There was felt also the serious need of a hymnbook for the Sunday school. As a result upon petition of the General Sunday School Association a committee of Audentia Anderson, Vida E. Smith, Aletha May White, F. G. Pitt and Viola Blair was appointed and *Zion's Praises* was published in 1903. A few hymns were added to later editions but no complete revision was made for a quarter of a century.

A duly appointed committee made a thorough revision for the Conference of 1930. They combined the *Saints' Hymnal* and *Zion's Praises* in one volume, the new *Hymnal* which was copyrighted in 1933.

There have been a great many small collections of hymns for use at Conference or special occasions. As a part of this effort small collections have been published for use in foreign languages, among these we note hymnals in German, Danish, Norwegian, Welch and Tahitian.

Naturally a living church continues to produce, so some worth-while hymns have been written, together with the music, since 1930. In the process of subtraction, as well as addition, of the hymns of the church many do not appear in the 1930 *Hymnal*; some because they have not stood the test of time, some because of a changed attitude and style, but some solely because satisfactory music has not been found as yet. It is hoped that this work will arouse a new interest in the hymnody of our church so that our composers will undertake this interesting task of reviving these worth-while hymns of past authorship as well as assisting the new authors of today.

This work is one to which Carlyle F. Kueffer has given some ten years or more of patient research. Only those who have attempted similar work can appreciate the time and care such a task requires. It has been for him a labor of love and of much correspondence. In the case of the older writers he succeeded in locating one or more descendants and the biography and data herewith submitted is largely presented in the form in which it was sent to him. This accounts for the marked difference of tone in treating different hymn authors and their works.

In this work he has purchased not only valuable books on the hymnody of other churches, particularly the Methodist Episcopal but he has also collected a number of valuable old books, hymnbooks of our church, including the *Harp* used by Mark H. Forscutt and a hymnbook used by David H. Smith with his pictorial sketches and notes in the margin. Mr. Kueffer has spared neither time nor expense in an effort to make his work as accurate as possible. It is not exhaustive, since this work is confined to hymns written by members of our church that are published in the 1930 *Hymnal*.

This work breathes the humility, deep devotion and spiritual hopes of its author. It is a reverent work, well done. It also makes the reader feel the deep devotion and inspiration of the narrative. Each hymn has come out of the deep spiritual experiences of the church.

S. A. BURGESS.

PART ONE

HYMNS OF THE EARLY CHURCH

With Biographies and Hymn Stories of

WILLIAM WINES PHELPS

PARLEY P. PRATT AND WILLIAM FOWLER

Narrative By

LOUISE EVANS

Other Biographies and Stories

From Old Editions of the Hymnal

By CALLIE B. STEBBINS

WILLIAM WINES PHELPS

It is a significant observation that the early pioneers of the restored gospel were remarkable men, courageous, imaginative, and resourceful. They were united by a common inspiration and a common purpose—a new order of society providing righteousness, security, justice, culture and peace. While some were blessed with unusual mental endowments, their chief characteristics were perseverance, energy, clearness of perception, firmness of purpose, intensity of effort, and strength of will. If the circumstances and surroundings were not favorable, these leaders did not squander their energy; they immediately attempted to modify their circumstances and whenever possible made conditions subservient to the great work to which they felt that God had called them.

In this group was one, William Wines Phelps, who was very prominent in the attempt to establish the church of Christ and in the building up of Zion. Not having access to a larger store of historical material, we are able to record nothing regarding his ancestors, and very little of the activities of his youth, other than that he was born February 17, 1792, at Hanover, New Jersey, and that he received a good education at Smyrna, New York. He was editor of a partisan newspaper and was very active in political affairs. At one time he was candidate for the office of lieutenant governor of New York.

We have not the details of the circumstances under which he first heard the gospel, but being a man of affairs and interested in newspaper enterprise, it was but a natural thing that he very soon would hear of the new religion. Doubtless, he had interviews with its leaders, it being recorded that he at one time had a ten hours' conversation with Sidney Rigdon. He accepted the testimony of the latter who declared that he knew by the power of the Holy Ghost that the book (*Book of Mormon*) was true. He also read this book which he "could not detect as being an imposition."

Being a thorough investigator, he became convinced of the truthfulness of the work. He was so fired with its importance that he with his family moved to Kirtland, Ohio. They arrived

there about the time that Joseph Smith was preparing to leave for his western trip—to the land of Zion. He requested the prophet to inquire of the Lord as to what He would have him do. The answer to this petition is found in *Doctrine and Covenants* 55. He was commanded to be baptized and was called to the office of elder, with the admonition to preach. Other work was definitely outlined, such as doing the printing for the church, and providing and selecting books for the schools that the children might be properly instructed. He was to accompany Joseph to Independence "that you (Phelps) may be planted in the land of your inheritance." To all this he complied as opportunity presented itself. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 57: 5.)

Eventually the printing plant was purchased and set up in the building which W. W. Phelps had built in Zion, and from here the first official church paper, *The Evening and Morning Star*, under date of June, 1832, was sent out to the Saints. This meant much to them in their somewhat scattered condition, though the mail service was not as efficient as it is now. This paper was not only valuable to the early members, but to us in this day it is invaluable as a matter of record and historical data. At this time W. W. Phelps was also busy reviewing and preparing the revelations for the *Book of Commandments*. In the meantime opposition was gathering like a great storm, and broke upon the Saints. A mob destroyed the home of W. W. Phelps with its contents, robbing his family of their place of shelter and taking possession of the printing office. All was hurled into the streets and left to destruction. This not being enough, a second attack was made a few weeks later. Sensing the hopelessness of facing the cruel mob and fearing for the lives of the Saints, Phelps with other brave men offered himself as a ransom for the Saints, being willing to be scourged or to die, if that would appease the anger of the mob against the people with whom he had cast his lot; but his offer was not accepted. Much of his energy for the next few years was given in an attempt to secure protection from the state. At one time he even appealed to the President of the United States, but to no avail.

Phelps was a member of the presidency in the first High

Council to be organized in the land of Zion, and for a number of years was very active in directing the affairs of the church in Missouri. During the year 1835 he and his son returned to Kirtland, making their home with Joseph, the prophet. While there he greatly assisted the committee that had been appointed to compile the *Doctrine and Covenants*. He also arranged and revised for printing the hymns which Emma Smith had selected for the use of the church.

In 1836 he returned to Missouri; he resumed his duties as one of the presidents of the church in Zion. He also continued his pleadings to the government for help against the unrelenting foes, who had driven the Saints from their possessions.

Untiring in his efforts for the welfare of mankind, when the task of building the Nauvoo Temple faced the Saints, he was liberal in his subscription. He was not a wealthy man, but he worked diligently for the church and, like many others, scarcely received enough compensation for a comfortable living.

He wrote a number of poetical compositions, and added much to our hymn literature. Throughout the whole church some of his hymns are among the favorites.

His spiritual experiences had developed in him an aptness in deep, profound thinking as is indicated by the following verse which was written as he was pondering on his littleness in the presence of God. In his want of perfection in holiness and his narrow limits of learning he exclaimed, "What is man, that God should notice him? Or what is life? Surely,

What is life? 'Tis to exist
In a world of wealth and woes,
Where the wickedness and death
Makes one shudder as he goes.
'Tis to learn how little that,
Even man on earth has known;
And to watch all other's faults
Then, in weakness, judge his own.
'Tis to come like morning fair,
Rise and rove like ocean wave,
Fall and fade like shooting stars,
Leaving nothing but—a grave!"

We do not present W. W. Phelps as a perfect man, but rather that his good deeds might live after him, and because some of our lovely hymns are so closely related to his varied and colorful experiences with the early organization. He died on March 7, 1872.

Meditation (Beloved)

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

Freeman Lewis, 1780-1859

Arranged from Joseph Swain, 1761-1796

Redeemer of Israel, our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call:
Our shadow by day, and our pillar by night,
Our King, our Companion, our All.

We know he is coming to gather his sheep,
And plant them in Zion, in love;
For why in the valley of death should they weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

How long we have wandered as strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for thee!
Our foes have rejoiced when our sorrows they've seen;
But Israel will shortly be free.

As children of Zion, good tidings for us,
The tokens already appear;
Fear not and be just, for the kingdom is ours,
And the hour of redemption is near.

"REDEEMER OF ISRAEL"

The early Saints, the pioneers of the zionic movement, were happy in their labors of love. Only the conquerors of the wild and uncultivated land could appreciate the pretty, domestic scenes that greeted the Saints who were now daily arriving "from almost every clime unto the fruitful land of this western Zion."

When the genial sun had warmed the ice-bound streams and sent their dancing waters towards the sea, and the warm south wind had kissed the folded buds, causing them to burst into flower and leaf, these hardy sons of toil might have been

seen turning the virgin soil upon the hillside and plain, planting and sowing the seed. On the Sabbath the music of their songs and the pathos of their prayers rang out upon the air from the native groves that crowned Zion's hill. As the summer advanced their fields of grain gave promise of a bountiful harvest, and many of their humble homes were adorned by the vine and flower, trained by the gentle hand of the housewife, as she, from a full heart of praise, sang the beautiful songs of Zion. God had blessed them. The land gave abundantly. Winter held no fears for the Saints. They were proud of their achievements. Apparently physical progress was satisfying, to the neglect of the spiritual. The congregations had been warned to "read the *Book of Mormon* and obey it; read the commandments that are printed, and obey them; yea, humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God. . . . They have not come up to Zion to sit down in idleness, neglecting the things of God, but they are to be diligent and faithful in obeying the new covenant." There were those who complained because the prophet did not come to make his home in Zion. Under existing conditions this would have been unwise. However, he did attend their special conference (April 24-May 6, 1832). The Latter Day prophet loved the cause of Zion and tenderly expressed his profound appreciation of their splendid efforts for good, but evidently there were still lessons to be learned. It was "in vain to try to hide a bad spirit from the eyes of them who are spiritual." Joseph loved these people and wished that they might not have to learn obedience through the long difficult road of experience, but rather that they would acquire knowledge of God's laws and learn obedience that way. But like the children of Israel and the Nephites, they continued in their complaining and false accusations of one another. Joseph, in the spirit of the prophets, denounced their lack of faith, low insinuations and lack of respect for their officials. He warned them to remember "the new covenant. . . . not only to say but to do them, and bring forth meat for the father's kingdom; otherwise there remained a scourge and a judgment to be poured out upon the children of Zion, for this holy land must not be polluted." Then eloquently he pleaded with the Saints saying, "Our eyes are watered with tears, and

our hearts are poured out to God in prayer for you, that he will spare you. We now say to Zion . . . Repent! Repent! Awake! Awake! Put on thy beautiful garments, before you are made to feel the chastening rod of Him whose anger is kindled against you."

They were a wiser and more thoughtful people at the close of this conference. W. W. Phelps wisely took the rebuke and seriously pondered over local conditions. He again searched the Bible and *Book of Mormon* and compared and applied the lessons taught therein. Would history repeat itself and would Latter Day Israel have to undergo a purging? He, too, feared this, but never doubted that eventually all Israel would be gathered and established in Zion. He found solace in penning these verses, which were first printed in *The Evening and Morning Star*, June, 1832. It has become one of the grand old Latter Day Saint hymns and is most frequently used for the opening of General Conferences.

THE TUNE

Freeman Lewis was born in 1780 and died in 1859. As a composer he is known by a single tune. This tune, however, has appeared under different names. In the Seventh Day Adventist Hymnal it is called "Beloved," and in some Methodist Hymnals it is named "The Beloved." In Baptist, Presbyterian, and other Methodist Hymnals it is called "Meditation." In all these books it is set to the words by Joseph Swain, "O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight."

It is familiar to Latter Day Saints as the tune of "Redeemer of Israel," and appears in our new hymnal under the title, "Meditation (Beloved)."

Freeman Lewis was a competent surveyor of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. He was also the compiler of a music book called *The Beauties of Harmony*.

Toplady

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

Earth with her ten thousand flowers
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Heaven's infinite expanse,
Ocean's lustrous countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
Of the gentle murmur stirred—
Sacred songs, beneath, above,
Have one chorus, God is love.

All the hopes that sweetly start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the bliss that ever comes
To our earthly, human homes—
All the voices from above
Sweetly whisper, God is love.

"EARTH WITH HER TEN THOUSAND FLOWERS"

Within easy walking distance of Kirtland Temple can be found scenery of wondrous beauty and fascination, steep precipices, deep chasms, lined with tall, strange trees with their exposed roots in a tangled mass everywhere; huge variegated boulders, projecting upward like miniature mountains; and gurgling streamlets breaking the silence—a setting of the greenest foliage and the brightest flowers spread out like a pageant in a fantasia of color—a tranquil sanctuary—a tabernacle, quiet and refreshing.

"The lure of its beauty" enticed W. W. Phelps as, in utter abandonment, he indulgently stretched himself out on the soft green grass. Gazing up through the dense foliage of the stately trees into the sky, his heart sang over and over, "God is love." Like a rondo of lovely rhyme it immersed his very being. That day he had been studying the *Book of Mormon* and had been

reveling in the charming recital of the visit of Jesus Christ to this continent. In fancy his soul took flight, and mentally he reviewed the outstanding incident—the great upheaval at the time of the Crucifixion. "There arose a great storm, such a one as never had been known in all the land; . . . the whole face of the land was changed, . . . and the highways were broken up; . . . great and notable cities were sunk, and many were burned; . . . the inhabitants thereof were slain, and the places were left desolate. Thus the face of the whole earth became deformed, because of the tempests, and the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the quaking of the earth. There was thick darkness upon all the face of the land, . . . there was not any light seen, neither fire, nor glimmer, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, for so great were the mists of darkness. . . . The rocks were rent in twain; they were broken up upon the face of the whole earth, insomuch that they were found in broken fragments, and in seams, and in cracks, upon all the face of the land. . . . There was great mourning, and howling, and weeping among all the people."

Above all this tumult was heard a loving voice, saying "How oft would I have gathered you, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not!"

Out of great tribulation, joy emerged. In spirit W. W. Phelps saw the Temple in the Land Bountiful where those of the more righteous people, who had escaped with their lives, were gathered.

It must have been awe-inspiring, he mused, to see this multitude bow to Jesus the Christ who had suddenly appeared in their midst.

These were a repentant people and Jesus taught them the law of the celestial kingdom. Once again He established His church, ordained twelve apostles, made other necessary provisions for carrying out his work of love to mankind. At eventide, Jesus perceived they were weary and told them to return to their homes and ponder upon the things which he had said. They were loathe to leave, and He "beheld they were in tears, and did look steadfastly upon Him, as if they would ask Him to tarry a little longer." His great heart was touched. Lovingly He in-

quired, "Have ye any . . . that are afflicted in any manner, bring them hither and I will heal them for I have compassion upon you." Little children crowded around Him and He took them in His arms and blessed them. Jesus knelt with the multitude, and "so great and marvelous were the words which He prayed that they cannot be written, neither can they be uttered by man." The "Lord truly did teach the people for the space of three days; and after that, he did show himself unto them oft, and did break bread oft, and bless it, and gave it unto them. . . . He did teach and minister unto the children . . . and after having healed all their sick, and their lame and opened the eyes of the blind, and unstopped the ears of the deaf, and even done all manner of cures among them, and raised a man from the dead. . . . He ascended into heaven." As W. W. Phelps reviewed these marvelous events as recorded in the *Book of Mormon* he realized the love of God is unfathomable, and he haltingly tried to voice his sentiments in this lovely hymn. He succeeded so well in making it breath of love and appreciation, that it has become a part of Latter Day Saint hymnody.

THE TUNE

(See bibliographical sketch of Dr. Thomas Hastings.)

Phelps

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

Old Tune

O God th' Eternal Father,
Who dwells amid the sky,
In Jesus' name we ask thee
To bless and sanctify,
If we are pure before thee,
This bread and cup of wine,
That we may all remember
That offering so divine.

That sacred, holy offering,
By man least understood,
To have our sins remitted,
And take his flesh and blood,

That we may ever witness
The sufferings of thy Son,
And always have his Spirit
To make our hearts as one.

When Jesus, the Anointed,
Descended from above,
And gave himself a ransom
To win our souls with love,
With no apparent beauty,
That men should him desire;
He was the promised Savior,
To purify with fire.

How infinite thy wisdom,
The plan of holiness,
That made salvation perfect
And veiled the Lord in flesh
To walk upon his footstool,
And be like man, almost,
In his exalted station,
And die, or all was lost.

"O GOD THE ETERNAL FATHER"

These were busy days at Kirtland. The Quorum of Twelve Apostles and the Quorum of Seventies had been recently organized; the school for the elders was holding two daily sessions; the compilation and the preparation of the revelations for the printing of the *Doctrine and Covenants* was going steadily on; and the erection of the temple was a stupendous task yet before them. Added to this there was the extra work and anxiety for the church in Zion, which was under heavy persecution.

W. W. Phelps had returned from Missouri and was making his temporary home with Joseph Smith. Because of his untiring efforts in sharing the manifold burdens of the church, he had endeared himself to the prophet.

It was at the close of one of these busy days, that they sought relaxation in the out-of-doors. The earth looked cool and clean from a three days' rain, which continued to drip from the lovely old trees. A fresh stream was making its way down a steep hill. The sun was trying to peep through the broken

storm clouds. A brilliant rainbow arched the heavens. This all presented a most inviting scene to these two over-worked men. They walked in silence, each in his own thoughts. From force of habit they circled around the temple, taking note of the progress being made.

Eventually the silence was broken as other brethren joined them, and characteristically their conversation centered around the church and the building of Zion. "Tomorrow is Sunday and I am to preside over the sacrament meeting; will you assist me, William?" questioned Brother Joseph. "This ordinance is of the highest type of worship and second only, in importance, to the rite of baptism. As such it should be given greater prominence in our worship, and its setting requires a religiousness of beauty." There the subject was dropped, and the little group resumed their conversation as they completed the walk around the temple area.

Brother Joseph's significant suggestion regarding this sacrament was apparently lost to the casual ear, but it provoked thought in the creative soul of W. W. Phelps. He wished to be alone. Just what did the prophet infer by this expression, "It's setting a religiousness of beauty." With the child-like faith so characteristic of the early Saints, he silently asked the Lord for clearer spiritual insight. Did not the Lord answer by bringing to his remembrance the truth magnified that he had studied in the latter-day revelations? Had the Saints continued to weave the beautiful pattern He had given to His church? Again his memory was quickened by the Spirit to feel keenly the importance given to the "last supper," so beautifully recorded in the gospels. The simple record, "and when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives," had always touched his heart. Had Jesus been the inaugurator of the church song, and had He connected it with the most characteristic feature of Christian worship—the sacrament? How he would love to know the words and melody of that hymn they had sung! Perhaps Jesus led them in that song! His poetical imagery was enhanced. His spiritual thought was quickened until the ages held no barrier, and in spirit he followed the life of Jesus and partook of the "Last Supper." Did not his heart burn within

him as he continued to pray and to visualize how this great event should be celebrated within the church, thus impressing the Saints more profoundly with its importance and in turn enriching their spiritual lives!

Phelps stole away from the little group who stood at the walls of the temple. Under this new spiritual endowment, he penned the verses that latter-day Israel too might sing "a hymn," appropriate for the occasion. In these stanzas he definitely portrayed the life and purpose of Jesus Christ, the significance of the sacrament, the establishing of Zion, and the returning of the Savior. The climax of praise, rejoicing, and thanksgiving he voiced in words of loveliness, which charmed his generation and continues to be valuable to following generations. This hymn closes with the stanza:

He comes! He comes in glory!
The veil has vanished too,
With angels, yea, our fathers,
To drink this cup anew—
And sing the songs of Zion,
And shout—" 'Tis done, 'tis done!"
While ev'ry son and daughter
Rejoices—we are one.

This hymn was first published in the *Messenger and Advocate* of July, 1835, at Kirtland, Ohio.

Paraclete

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

English Tune

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning;
The angels are coming to visit the earth.

Refrain:

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven:
"Hosanna, Hosanna to God and the Lamb!"
Let glory to them in the highest be given
Henceforth and forever! Amen, and amen!

The Lord is extending his Saints' understanding,
Restoring their judges and all as at first;
The knowledge and power of God are expanding,
The veil o'er the earth is beginning to burst.

We call in our solemn assemblies, in spirit,
To spread forth the kingdom of heaven abroad,
That we through our faith may begin to inherit
The visions, and blessings, and glories of God.

"THE SPIRIT OF GOD LIKE A FIRE IS BURNING"

The great zionic pattern continued in its weaving, the winter of 1836 being another high peak in its progress. The second stage of development was about to be completed, that of finishing and dedicating the Temple at Kirtland.

Work on it was being rushed with all possible speed. The upper part was finished and already being used for the meetings of the various quorums, as well as housing the printing plant and the school for the elders.

One of the Twelve was superintending the painting of the lower room; the women were busy making the veil. When this work was done the Temple would be dedicated, and March 27, 1836, was the date set for this "solemn assembly."

Business and committee meetings were in session getting ready to care for the dedicatory services and to handle the crowds that were coming from far and near, that "All things might be done decently and in order" in the house of the Lord.

Under the leadership of the First Presidency the detail work pertaining to the various quorums was rapidly being completed. As members of the priesthood continued to work in harmony, their meetings proved to be veritable pentecostal showers. "The visions of heaven were opened to them also. Some of them saw the face of the Savior and others were ministered unto by holy angels and the spirit of prophecy and revelation was poured out in a mighty power; and loud hosannas, and glory to God in the highest saluted the heavens, for we all communed with the heavenly host." Of this Joseph Smith wrote, "Having set all the quorums in order, I returned to my house, being weary with con-

tinual anxiety and labor in putting all authorities in order, and striving to purify them for the solemn assembly, according to the commandment of the Lord."

Sunday morning came and the usual services were held in the schoolhouse. Joseph Smith and W. W. Phelps arrived early that they might have a season of undisturbed religious meditation. This meeting proved to be a memorable one of which Joseph Smith wrote: "President Rigdon then arose and observed, that instead of preaching, the time would be occupied by the Presidency and the Twelve, in speaking each in turn, until they had all spoken. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon us, and the congregation was soon overwhelmed in tears, and some of our hearts were too full for utterance. The gift of tongues came on us also, like the rushing of the mighty wind, and my soul was filled with the glory of God." W. W. Phelps was deeply touched and his emotions found vent in the following stanza which he scribbled on the back of an envelope:

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning;
The angels are coming to visit the earth.

This he gave to Mr. Davis, who had been appointed chorister for the dedicatory services. Quick to sense the remarkable purity of its spiritual expression and the real spirit of adoration in the lovely poem, he taught it to the choir, and it was beautifully rendered as a special anthem at the time of dedication. Because W. W. Phelps responded to the prompting of the Spirit to write, his efforts were blessed. This poem has become one of the most stirring hymns of the church.

Sweet Afton

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

Arranged from Old English Tune

By James E. Spilman

O Jesus! the giver
Of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor
We wish to employ;
With praises unceasing,
We'll sing of thy name,
Thy goodness ne'er ceasing,
Thy love we'll proclaim.

The wonderful name
Of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame
Of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation,
His goodness we'll prove,
His name is Salvation,
His nature is Love.

With joy we remember
The dawn of that day,
When, led by the Spirit
The truth to obey,
The light dawned upon us
And filled us with love,
The Spirit's sure witness
Sent down from above.

We now are enlisted
In Jesus' blessed cause,
Divinely assisted
To conquer our foes;
His grace will support us
Till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us
To Zion's bright shore.

“O JESUS, THE GIVER” ✓

January 21, 1836, found Kirtland Saints somewhat excited. Small groups of men in animated conversation were scattered here and there; big broad smiles were in vogue that day; hearty hand-shaking and affectionate pats made one feel glad he was alive; happy faces were everywhere!

In the midst of this, several men stood in reverence before the temple with uncovered heads, recognizing the fact that this was God's house. Joseph Smith in his quiet, dignified manner was happily greeting these men who had returned from their missions to attend important priesthood meetings which had been scheduled for January 21 and 22.

That evening the various quorums met in the upper rooms of the Temple. In the west school room the First Presidency, the bishops, and their counselors, had met to participate in the ordinance of the anointing with oil. They blessed Joseph Smith, Sr., in his office of "Patriarch of the Church." At the conclusion of this service, Father Smith gave each president his patriarchal blessing and anointed the other officials that were present.

It was a meeting of unusual spiritual endowment and divine instruction. Quoting Joseph, we read: "The heavens were opened upon us, and I beheld the celestial kingdom of God, and the glory thereof. I saw the transcendent beauty of the gate through which the heirs of that kingdom will enter, which was like unto circling flames of fire; also the blazing throne of God, whereon was seated the Father and the Son. Angels ministered unto them (my brethren) and the power of the Highest rested upon us, and the spirit of prophecy and revelation was poured out in mighty power; and loud hosannahs, and glory to God in the highest saluted the heavens, for we all communed with the heavenly host."

The second evening proved to be a continuation of the spiritual feast as the First Presidency met with the Twelve, and the Presidency of the Seventy, who were to receive this ordinance. The High Council of Kirtland and of Zion were also present in this August assembly. As the officials proceeded to pour the "consecrated oil" and anoint one another; the heavens were again

opened and angels ministered unto them. At the completion of the anointing and blessings of these men for the work of the ministry, "President Rigdon arose to conclude the services of the meetings by invoking the benediction of heaven upon the Lord's anointed, which he did in an eloquent manner; the congregation shouted a long hosanna; the gift of tongues fell upon us in mighty power; angels mingled their voices with ours, while their presence was in our midst; and unceasing praises swelled our bosoms for the space of half an hour."

They returned home about two o'clock in the morning and the Spirit and visions of God attended Joseph Smith, Jr., through the night.

Having living experiences with Jesus, the Christ, like Peter of old, they desired to remain in holy places, but with the conviction of John the Beloved that they "might do more, or a greater work yet among men," they were found with a zeal to resume their tasks in declaring "Glad tidings unto the inhabitants of the earth."

Transition from the divine to the human was not easy, as the men in the school of the elders realized the following day. They came together filled with the Spirit, as on the past evening, and did not feel like studying but commenced conversing upon heavenly things and the day was spent "agreeably and profitably."

W. W. Phelps had drunk deep of sorrow in the zionic invasion; his religion had cost him much. Thus he was better qualified to enjoy the great endowment he so recently experienced. His cup of joy was overflowing with praise and gratitude. His mind was illuminated. As naturally as flowers bloom, this hymn developed in the mind of this poet, under the influence of the Spirit of God. In poetic form he expressed his own inward experiences, his spiritual mood, his actual discoveries. Modestly these stanzas were passed over to the prophet and to W. W. Phelps' surprise they were read by him to the school. They were so highly appreciated that one member suggested they be given to Emma Smith who was then compiling a songbook for the use of the church.

St. Stephens

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

Rev. William Jones, 1736-1800

Come, all ye Saints who dwell on earth,
Your cheerful voices raise,
Our great Redeemer's love to sing,
And celebrate his praise.

His love is great, he died for us;
Shall we ungrateful be?
Since he has marked a road to bliss,
And said, "Come follow me."

The straight and narrow way we've found,
Then let us travel on,
Till we, in the celestial world,
Shall meet where Christ has gone.

And there we'll join the heavenly choir
And sing his praise above,
While endless ages roll around,
Perfected by his love.

"COME, ALL YE SAINTS WHO DWELL ON EARTH"

The erection and dedication of Kirtland Temple with its accompanying great spiritual blessings was a unique, commendable achievement. The priesthood had been organized and the members of this order had received their endowment. Now the time had arrived for "the elders to spread abroad in all parts of the land, preaching the word."

Several of the officials were making plans to return to Zion, among whom were Bishop Partridge and President W. W. Phelps. The latter was to preach his farewell sermon in the Temple—not an easy task. The prophet, or the orator, Sidney Rigdon, or other men better qualified than he, should occupy the pulpit. But no! These disturbing thoughts goaded him on to intensive preparation for his sermon.

Thus it was a man of quiet, firm and cheerful demeanor, of sincere and spiritual piety, who stood before an audience of about 1,000 Saints and preached on the topic "Zion, the Gather-

ing Place." He read *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 95 and used for a text *Doctrine and Covenants* 45: 13, 14: "And it shall come to pass, among the wicked, that every man that will not take his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee unto Zion for safety. And there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven; and it shall be the only people that shall not be at war one with another. And it shall be said among the wicked, let us not go up to battle against Zion, for the inhabitants of Zion are terrible, wherefore we can not stand. And it shall come to pass that the righteous shall be gathered out from among all nations, and shall come to Zion singing, with songs of everlasting joy."

W. W. Phelps drew tears from many eyes by briefly and pathetically telling of the forced migration of the Saints from Jackson County. He emphasized the fact "that the Saints did all in their power to promote peace, even at times to the sacrificing of the most sacred rights and privileges." He did "not claim that they were perfect, or at all times wise," but he nevertheless "wondered at the patience and fortitude which they displayed under these trying ordeals"—and was under the "conviction that they were largely taught and led by the divine influences." The Saints were intensely interested in this dramatic portrayal. W. W. Phelps was quick to take advantage of this interest by driving home several good points regarding the requirements of a zionic steward. He so elaborated on the statement "the pure in heart" complemented by the Spirit of God, that the discerning eye of the speaker saw the people in a humble attitude of self-examination. The "task is great." Could they do it? Could they eliminate selfishness? They pondered. The preacher dared to free his soul of his spiritual glimpses and eloquently described this wondrous city, the abode of the Lord, an ensign unto the people, a place of safety, no rich, no poor, enough for all. In this manner he appealed to his listeners. "Lift up your hearts, rejoice. The straight and narrow way we've found, there let us travel on to other achievements. Eventually we'll reach our goal." His plea for righteous living stirred the audience and they rededicated their lives to the accomplishment of still greater tasks.

As a part of his sermon, he read this poem which characteristically expresses his profound faith and trust. It was first published in 1835, Emma Smith edition.

THE TUNE

The Rev. William Jones, composer of the tune, St. Stephen, was an English rector who lived from 1736 to 1800. This tune appears in the *Hymnal* with the words by W. W. Phelps. "Come, All Ye Saints Who Dwell on Earth," is usually associated with Isaac Watts' hymn, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."

Erie (Converse)

W. W. Phelps, 1792-1872

C. C. Converse, 1832-1918

Glorious things are sung of Zion,
Enoch's city seen of old,
Where the righteous, being perfect,
Walked with God in streets of gold;
Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,
Grace and gifts were all combined;
As himself each loved his neighbor,
All were of one heart and mind.

Then the towers of Zion glittered
Like the sun in yonder sky,
And the wicked stood and trembled,
Filled with wonder and surprise,
Then their faith and works were perfect
Lo, they followed their great head!
So the city went to heaven,
And the world said, "Zion's fled!"

When the Lord returns with Zion,
And we hear the watchman cry,
Then we'll surely be united,
And we'll all see eye to eye;
Then we'll mingle with the angels,
And the Lord will bless his own;
Then the earth will be as Eden,
And we'll know as we are known.

"GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SUNG OF ZION"

The night before Joseph Smith and other church officials left for the land of Missouri was a restless one for W. W. Phelps. He was leaving his family in order to accompany the prophet. It required great courage and faith to go on such a perilous mission. "His way lay hundreds of miles through a wild, half-civilized country, often beset with rogues and outlaws." There were no beaten roads; houses were few and far between. He was also leaving a highly cultivated state of society in the East to work and promulgate the gospel among those who lacked refinement and the restraining influence of true religion.

But the strength of a first love, so characteristic of the new convert, and the recently revealed promises of the Lord were sufficient to urge him on. His fears were quieted and he was ready for the big adventure.

Kirtland was all astir; a suppressed excitement seemed everywhere as the Saints gathered to bid farewell to the group of missionaries. Such farewells were not easy, but theirs were the hearts of martyrs. They showed no signs of flinching. Zion was beckoning them on. Had not the Lord promised them the land of their inheritance, "even the place for the city of the new Jerusalem"? So, undaunted, they pressed on to the land, preaching and urging repentance along the way. Despite some bitter experiences many people were baptized.

These were busy and happy days, the plotting of land, erecting of homes and schoolhouses, the purchasing and establishing of a printing plant, the planning for a church paper. There were material and spiritual requirements for such a building project.

These disciples had their worship periods every day and much profound study was given the Scriptures which were translated by the spirit of revelation, particularly that part of the law regarding the establishing of Zion.

The Lord continued to speak to His children, giving words of direction, counsel, approval and disapproval.

As W. W. Phelps continued to work, dream, and pray, his soul responded to the beauty of Zion and all it stood for. With far-seeing eyes he viewed "this goodly land of the heritage of the children of God," and with his spiritual eye discerned that "Out of Zion the perfection of beauty, God will shine."

It was at eventide, the last rays of the setting sun were settling down over the promised land, as W. W. Phelps viewed Zion in the offing and his poetic soul was so deeply stirred that he penned this beautiful hymn, which has become a favorite to all Latter Day Saints.

THE TUNE

The tune, Converse, composed by Charles Crozat Converse, is familiarly associated with the hymn by Joseph Scriven, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," but is scarcely less familiar to Latter Day Saints as the musical accompaniment to the words, "Glorious Things Are Sung of Zion," written by W. W. Phelps and published in the European edition of the *Saints' Hymnal*. In the present *Hymnal* we also have with this tune the soulful words of "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," which in many places are sung to the tune, "My Redeemer."

Charles Crozat Converse, L.L.D., musician, lawyer, and writer was born in Warren, Massachusetts, October 7, 1832. He was a descendant of Edward Converse, the friend of Governor Winthrop the founder of Woburn, Massachusetts. He studied music and other subjects in Leipzig and Berlin. His musical compositions are numerous, including concert overtures, symphonies, and many sacred numbers. He died in Highwood, New Jersey, October 18, 1918.

PARLEY P. PRATT

Parley P. Pratt was born April 12, 1807, in Burlington, New York. He came of a long line of English ancestors. While his parents were not affiliated with any one sect, they taught him by stern example and precept the principles of tolerance and truth. He was deprived of much of the common schooling afforded to other children. Having an exceptionally studious mind, he soon overcame this handicap, eventually became known for his literary attainments, and was appointed editor of the *Millennial Star*. His masterpiece was *The Voice of Warning*.

At the age of nineteen, he left home and spent the winter alone in the forest about thirty miles west of Cleveland, Ohio. Here he managed to clear some land and erect a log cabin, and in 1827 he brought his bride, Thankful Halsey of New York, to the wilds of Ohio. Together they met the pioneering problems and eventually together they made an attractive, comfortable home.

About this time Sidney Rigdon, who was a dissenter of the Baptist Church came into the neighborhood preaching a new doctrine. Parley P. Pratt became identified with this organization and as an appointed preacher was sent into the State of New York on a mission. While on this trip, he learned of the *Book of Mormon*. After a careful investigation of it and the Scriptures, he was baptized, and on the same date was ordained an elder.

By divine command he with others went on a mission to the West, which was one of the most important events of the early church. The outcome of this mission was the opening of the work in Kirtland, the building of the famed Temple, and the bringing about of many other important events pertaining to the more complete organization of the church. This was the first mission performed by the elders of the church in any of the states west of New York. These men were also the first to enter the frontier in Jackson County, Missouri. Parley P. Pratt eventually settled there and was among those banished from the county in 1833 by the violence of the mob. To his credit it

ought to be mentioned that he offered himself as a ransom that the Saints might be free.

He was ordained an apostle in February, 1835, at Kirtland, Ohio, and the following summer accompanied his quorum on its eastern mission. He also visited Canada. Once again he established a home, this time in Caldwell County. Again he suffered persecution, but managed to escape. In 1840 he went on a mission to Europe.

During the apostasy he went to Utah, where he made his home until his death, May 13, 1857.

Duane Street

Parley P. Pratt, 1807-1857

Rev. George Coles, 1792-1858

When earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all man's precepts prove in vain,
A perfect system to obtain—

Refrain:

A voice commissioned from on high!
Hark, Hark! It is the angel's cry,
Descending from the throne of light,
His garments shining clear and white!

He comes the gospel to reveal
In fullness to benighted man,
Restore the priesthood, long since lost,
In truth and power as at the first.

Lo, from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will,
Translated by the power of God,
His voice bears record to his word.

And now commissioned from on high,
God's servants faith, repentance cry,
Baptizing as in days of old,
Into one Shepherd and one fold.

"WHEN EARTH IN BONDAGE LONG HAD LAIN"

Of the myriads of human beings who flit across the stage of life, but few ever become really eminent. Comparatively few concentrate and develop their energies that the product thereof may be used for the betterment and enjoyment of mankind.

Parley P. Pratt so succeeded in developing and dedicating his many talents to the service of God that his name is indelibly linked with the history of the church. His hymns are loved and will always be sung because, as only a poet can, he has been able to put into words the feelings and sentiments of an army of followers. His poems have stood the test of time.

This beautiful hymn not only expresses the experiences of the composer, but also the experience of many who sing it. It has that familiar ring of the spirit of the Latter Day work which finds a response in the heart of a Saint and tends to awaken his first love toward the church.

✓ From youth up Parley P. Pratt had searched the Scriptures and had become familiar with some of the requirements of a subject in God's kingdom. In his search for this organization upon earth he was sorely tried and disappointed for all around him there was apparently religious confusion. It is little wonder his honest heart recognized that the

Earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all man's precepts prove in vain,
A perfect system to obtain.

Being a man of strong convictions and sensing his responsibilities for the sins of the world, intensified by a longing for truth as taught in the days of Christ, he wandered unsatisfied among the various sects, and eventually became identified with the new movement as taught by Sidney Rigdon. He became a disciple of this new religion and endured many hardships, making sacrifices that he might go to the eastern states on a mission for this organization. Undoubtedly the Lord was guiding this searcher for truth as his preaching appointments were made in about the same neighborhood where Joseph Smith resided. Parley P. Pratt soon learned of the *Book of Mormon*, of the prophet,

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and of the teaching of the Restored Gospel. His soul was filled with rejoicing. After long years of waiting he found this beautiful truth which outshone his fondest anticipation. Little wonder his poetic nature was touched and found expression in giving to the church this hymn of praise and thanksgiving! Note the happy ring to it. It is a beautiful story of the Restored Gospel, and set to music that seems peculiarly in harmony.

The chorus sounds like a great announcement to the world.

A voice commissioned from on high!
Hark! Hark! It is the angel's cry,
Descending from the throne of light
His garments shining clear and white!

THE TUNE

The Rev. George Coles was born in Stewbley, England, January 2, 1792. He died in New York City, May 1, 1858. He was editor of the New York *Advocate* and of the *Sunday School Advocate* for several years. He composed the tune "Duane Street" in 1835. This tune, associated with the words, "When Earth in Bondage Long Had Lain," proclaims the restoration message with no uncertain sound.

Azuba

Parley P. Pratt, 1807-1857

Arranged from English Melody

Hark, ye mortals, Hark, be still!
Voices from Cumorah's hill,
Voices from Cumorah's hill
Break the silence of the tomb,
Penetrate the dreadful gloom,
Gently whisper, "All is well,
Now is the day of Israel."

Now the gentile reign is o'er,
Darkness covers earth no more;
Darkness covers earth no more,
Now shall Zion rise and shine,
Fill the world with light divine.
Angels shall the tidings tell,
"Now is the day of Israel."

Thrones shall totter, Babel fall,
Satan reign no more at all,
Satan reign no more at all;
Saints shall gain the victory,
Truth prevail o'er land and sea.
Hallelujah, all is well,
Now is the day of Israel!

Jesus soon shall come again,
Saints with him shall rise and reign,
Saints with him shall rise and reign,
Heaven and earth in songs combine,
All the worlds in chorus join.
Every tongue the music swell,
"Now is the day of Israel."

"HARK, YE MORTALS, HARK, BE STILL"

"Oh, how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day." These were not only the sentiments of David of old, but also the ruling power within the youthful heart of Parley P. Pratt. Being of a studious mind and having an innate love for righteousness, he persistently studied the Bible. In so doing, he was conscious of the divine leadings of the Spirit into the mysteries of the kingdom of God. As a result he was ever searching for the restoration of the ancient gospel plan with its divine authority; the apostolic office; and for the gospel in its purity, with its ordinances unchanged. For several years his search continued. Quoting from his autobiography: "At the commencement of 1830, I felt drawn out in an extraordinary manner to search the prophets, and to pray for an understanding of the same. My prayers were soon answered, even beyond my expectations; the prophecies of the holy prophets were opened to my view; I began to understand the things which were coming on the earth—the restoration of Israel, the coming of the Messiah, and the glory that should follow." With the revealment of these beautiful truths, he became deeply conscious and concerned regarding the truthfulness of the prophet's statement, "darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people." Because of his convictions, he felt constrained to devote his time in en-

lightening his fellow men and in warning them to prepare for the coming of the Lord. "He leads us on" was ever the beckoning onward urge in the heart of Parley Pratt. Eventually his travels, in preaching those things which he had learned, led him back to his native state of New York. While preparing to fill a preaching appointment he stopped at the home of an "old Baptist deacon." It was at this home Parley Pratt first learned of the *Book of Mormon* and of Joseph Smith. With eagerness he read this "strange" book. Here in his hands was the very "record which reveals the antiquities of the 'New World' back to the remotest ages, and which unfolds the destiny of its people and the world for all time to come; that book which contains the fulness of the gospel of a crucified and risen Redeemer;—that book which reveals a lost remnant of Joseph, and which was the principal means, in the hands of God, of directing the entire course of my future life!" He bore this testimony, "As I read, the Spirit of the Lord was upon me, and I knew and comprehended that the book was true, as plainly and manifestly as a man comprehends and knows that he exists. My joy was now full, as it were, and I rejoiced sufficiently to more than pay for all the sorrows, sacrifices and toils of my life." In due course of time Parley Pratt had an interview with the prophet much to the happiness of both men. On his trip home he stopped from time to time along the roadside and while resting continued to read the *Book of Mormon* which Joseph Smith had so kindly given him. As he read the beautiful narrative of the visit of Christ to this continent and other truths which had escaped the corruptions of man, he rejoiced under the discoveries therein. He esteemed the book, or the information contained in it, more than all the riches of the world, declaring, "Yes, I verily believe that I would not at that time have exchanged the knowledge I then possessed, for the legal title to all the beautiful farms, houses, villages, and property which passed in review before me, on my journey through one of the most flourishing settlements of Western New York." We are most fortunate to have in our possession the lovely poetry which in a moment of exaltation he was able to pen and which has become a part of our hymnology.

Confirmation

Parley P. Pratt, 1807-1857

Louise Hills Lewis, 1887-

Behold thy sons and daughters, Lord,
On whom we lay our hands;
They have fulfilled the Gospel word,
And bowed at thy commands.

Seal them by thine own Spirit's power,
Which purifies from sin;
And may they find from this blest hour,
Thy Spirit rules within.

Strengthen their faith, confirm their hope
And guide them in the way;
With comfort bear their spirits up
Until the perfect day.

"BEHOLD THY SONS AND DAUGHTERS"

A revelation had been given through the prophet Joseph Smith commanding several of the missionaries including Parley P. Pratt to move westward to the Indian territory. It was not a simple task. These brave men realized the hardships entailed in attempting such a journey through the wilderness. But pioneering in the religious fields has ever been manifested by courageous deeds on the part of inspired men of God. They preached along the way, telling anyone that would listen about the Restored Gospel. The news of their coming and the news of the discovery of the *Book of Mormon* and the marvelous events connected with it was soon noised abroad. The interest and excitement became general in Kirtland and in all the regions round about. The people thronged these men night and day, insomuch that they had no time for rest or retirement. Meetings were started in different neighborhoods and multitudes came together; thousands flocked about them. Some came to be taught, some for curiosity, some to obey the gospel, and some to dispute or resist them. In two or three weeks from their arrival in the neighborhood one hundred and twenty-seven people had been baptized and this number soon increased to one thousand. The disciples

were filled with joy and gladness; while rage and lying was abundantly manifested by gainsayers, and persecution was heavy, faith was strong; joy was great. These missionaries took their work seriously and evidently God was blessing their efforts. It was the close of a confirmation meeting that Parley P. Pratt's heart was touched by the sight of the confirming of many who had been recently baptized. Among this group were youth and age; unbroken families, sons and daughters with their parents, observed and accepted the rites that gave them full membership into the kingdom of God. It was a beautiful picture, presented to the visionary soul of our brother. It quickened his poetical imagery and thus we have this hymn that modern Israel might sing in a well-planned appropriate setting for such a sacred ordinance. Thus the beginnings of the great work to be accomplished in Kirtland prompted this hymn, "Behold Thy Sons and Daughters."

THE HYMN TUNE

(See biography of Louise Hills Lewis.)

Lenox

Parley P. Pratt, 1807-1857

Lewis Edson, 1748-1820

Come, O thou King of kings!
We've waited long for thee,
With healing in thy wings,
To set thy people free;
Come, thou desire of nations, come;
Come, thou desire of nations, come;
Let Israel now be gathered home.

Come, make an end of sin,
And cleanse the earth by fire;
And righteousness bring in,
That Saints may tune the lyre,
With songs of joy, a happier strain,
With songs of joy, a happier strain,
To welcome in thy peaceful reign.

Hosannas now shall sound
 From all the ransomed throng,
 And glory echo round
 A new triumphal song;
 The wide expanse of heaven fill,
 The wide expanse of heaven fill,
 With anthems sweet from Zion's hill.

Hail! Prince of Life and Peace!
 Thrice welcome to thy throne!
 While all the chosen race
 Their Lord and Savior own,
 The heathen nations bow the knee,
 The heathen nations bow the knee,
 And every tongue gives praise to thee.

Steady
"COME! O THOU KING OF KINGS"

The happy ring of this hymn was born out of an untiring faith and courage which transcended the miserable, physical circumstances under which it had been inspired.

A lovely, unusual friendship existed between Lyman Wight and Parley P. Pratt, and hand in hand they worked for the establishing of Zion. Together they braved the heavy persecution which was laying waste the land they loved.

Day by day the fury of the mob seemed to increase until over twelve hundred Saints were driven from their homes. Families were separated. These two men were distracted in their anxiety for their loved ones. On the banks of the Missouri River the wife of Lyman Wight eventually was found under a rag carpet tent; she was short of food and raiment. In this deplorable situation, on the 27th of December, his wife bore him a son.

For the moment, in their happiness of being reunited and realizing that they had escaped with their lives, they knelt and gave thanks to God for his continued mercy. Parley Pratt looked on this tender, domestic scene. He admired the strength of courage displayed by his friend. He was deeply touched and vaguely comprehended how leaders of ancient Israel longed and prayed for their King of kings, and he longed for modern Is-

rael to be gathered home. Eventually his desire found expression and gave us this stirring hymn, which might be used more often to advantage.

THE TUNE

"Lenox" by Lewis Edson is an old favorite tune written in 1782. It was originally adapted to Charles Wesley's well-known "Arise, My Soul, Arise."

Lewis Edson born January 22, 1748, at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was a blacksmith by trade, he died at Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1820. He held singing schools in various places and had a reputation as "a great singer."

Duke Street

Parley P. Pratt, 1807-1857

John Hatton, (?)-1793

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled!
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine;
The glory, bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

The Gentile fullness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand:
Lo, Judah's remnant, cleansed from sin,
Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

Jehovah speaks! Let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live;
His mighty arm is making bare,
His covenant people to receive.

Angels from heaven and truth from earth
Have met, and both have record borne:
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransomed children home.

"THE MORNING BREAKS, THE SHADOWS FLEE"

This hymn was not inspired under any very unusual circumstances but just reflects the quiet outpouring of a heart that was filled with admiration and love for the *Book of Mormon* with its marvelous revealments of the antiquities of the New World,—a history that went "back to the remotest ages, and which unfolded the destiny of its people and the world for all time to come; that book which contains the fulness of the gospel of a crucified and risen Redeemer." With the perusal of this secular and religious history, Parley P. Pratt began vaguely to comprehend the prophecies of the Holy prophets; to appreciate the things which were coming on the earth, and to appreciate the meaning of the restoration of Israel and the coming of the Messiah and the glory that should follow. To his great joy he "found that Jesus Christ, in his glorified resurrected body, had appeared to the remnant of Joseph on the continent of America, soon after his resurrection and ascension into heaven; and that he also administered, in person, to the ten lost tribes; and that through his personal ministry in these countries his gospel was revealed and written in countries and among nations entirely unknown to the Jewish apostles. Thus revealed, written, handed down and preserved, till revealed in this age by the angels of God, it had of course escaped corruptions . . . and been preserved in purity." As he read, the Spirit of God was upon him and he knew and comprehended that the book was true as plainly and manifestly as a man comprehends and knows that he exists. He said, "This discovery greatly enlarged my heart and filled my soul with joy and gladness. I esteemed the book, or the information contained in it, more than all the riches of the world." Truly, he thought, "The angels sung with the spirit and with the understanding when they declared, 'We bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.' "

Early on a summer morning Parley P. Pratt strolled down to Seneca Lake, a beautiful and transparent sheet of water in western New York, where he was to be baptized, and there in happy meditation and anticipation he rather absent-mindedly scribbled this lovely hymn, the words of which are so fitly chosen as to tell a long story in a few short stanzas.

THE HYMN TUNE

(See biography of John Hatton.)

Geneva

European Edition, 1840

John P. Cole, 1774-1855

I saw a mighty angel fly;
To earth he bent his way,
A message bearing from on high,
To cheer the sons of day.

Truth is the message which he bears,
The gospel's joyful sound,
To calm our doubts, to chase our fears,
And make our joys abound.

He cries, and with a mighty voice,
"Ye nations, lend an ear:
Let isles and continents rejoice,
The great Redeemer's near!"

He cries, "Let every tongue attend,
And thrones and empires all,
Fear God, and make the King your friend,
The King, the Lord of all."

"Fear God, and worship him who made
The heavens, the earth, the sea;
Fear him on whom your sins were laid,
Who died to make you free!"

"I SAW A MIGHTY ANGEL FLY"

John the Revelator tells us (Revelations 14: 6 and 7), "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

The hour of his judgment is come, but the angel was bringing the gospel for the beginning of the kingdom that should fill the whole earth. In the midst of predictions of judgment, the consequences of wickedness on the earth, the preaching of the everlasting gospel is foretold—the same gospel of peace as that of which the angels sang at the Savior's birth, when they proclaimed the message of peace and good will and joy to all people.

The hymn, "I Saw a Mighty Angel Fly," chooses this wondrous announcement as its theme. The mighty angel, as the messenger of God, bears to earth the gospel truth, free from the errors of the past, and the hymn sings of the rejoicing it brings, with added cause in this age because it means that "The great Redeemer's near." When asked concerning his coming and the end of the world, Jesus said (Matthew 24: 14), "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

The cry is to all people in all parts of the world to attend, "Fear God, and worship him who made the heavens, the earth, the sea." We are counseled "to fear," but rising above the fear of calamity we may join with our late President Smith in the thought, "I fear but that I may not gain a place beside my noblest Friend." His hymn continues, "I love—but ah, the sweet refrain, 'on thee, my Savior, I depend.'" This thought runs through all our worship and our praise. The gospel brings us to depend upon the One through whose life and death we are redeemed. And so with joy we sing, "Fear him on whom your sins are laid, Who died to make you free."

It is a matter of regret that credit cannot be given the author of this fine, old Latter Day Saint hymn. That it appears first in the 1840 European edition of the *Saints' Hymnal* published in England is all we can learn, but its application to the restoration of the gospel in fulfillment of prophecy is unquestioned.

These words have always been associated with the tune, "Geneva," which is one of the rare survivals of the old "Canon" musical method, the parts coming in one after another with identical notes. With its glory of harmony, it is always delightful when well performed.

THE TUNE

John P. Cole, composer of "Geneva," was born in Tewksbury, England, in 1774. He came to the United States in 1785. Baltimore, Maryland, became his American home, and he was educated in that city. Early in life he became a musician and later a music publisher. He continued to compose music until his death, August 17, 1855.

Land

European Edition, 1840

Norman W. Smith, 1833-1917

Ye wondering nations, now give ear
Unto the angel's cry,
For lo, from heaven he has appeared,
To bring salvation nigh,

Has brought the ancient records forth,
Unloosed the mighty seal;
God's glory soon shall fill the earth,
And wondrous things reveal.

The things of worth in ages gone,
His word doth clear unfold;
And things to come, now rolling on,
The wise may here behold.

The meek and humble shall rejoice,
The wise shall understand;
All Israel now shall know his voice,
And gather to their land.

"YE WONDERING NATIONS"

This hymn, "Ye Wondering Nations," refers to great events that were to take place in the time when the Lord would "proceed to do . . . a marvelous work and a wonder."

Isaiah's prophecy concerning the coming forth of a book is prefaced with the call, "Stay yourselves and wonder!" The hymn adopting this thought, calls upon the wondering nations

to give ear to the cry of the angel who brought forth the book. The ancient record, contained in the *Book of Mormon*, was sealed for centuries until the angel from heaven delivered the plates to Joseph Smith to be translated by the power of God.

Men wonder about the origin of the native races of the western continent. The *Book of Mormon* gives the answer. In it the word of God makes clear many things of worth in gospel teaching, agreeing with the Bible. In this book the wise behold prophecies of things that already have occurred, that are now taking place, and that yet will be made manifest.

Of the time when (Isaiah 29: 17, 19) "Lebanon [Palestine] shall be turned into a fruitful field" the Lord said, "The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." Moreover, when Daniel inquired concerning the time of the end, the Lord answered, "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wise shall understand" (Daniel 12: 8, 10).

By yielding to gospel principles that will purify, the meek will increase their joy, and by having part in the great work of salvation, the humble will rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.

When this hymn was published in 1840, the gathering of Israel had not yet begun. Their land at that time had not become a fruitful field, but the angel message gave assurance that such time was near at hand. Now we are seeing the fulfillment of the prophecy, "Israel shall gather home."

THE TUNE

(See biography of Norman W. Smith.)

WILLIAM FOWLER

It is human not to see the great until it is taken from us. Time is the test. It either discredits and discards, or enhances the importance of the giver or the value of his contribution. That which may seem trivial at the moment may in time become a valuable heritage, a tradition never to be uprooted. Thus we regret the scanty information at hand regarding William Fowler, the great author of the old, Latter Day Saint hymn, "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet." He is great in the sense that he was able to give to thousands a medium through which they can sing a prayer of thankfulness, a poem which endeared itself not only to his generation, but to ours, and will continue to become a part of the heritage of future generations.

His father, Richard Fowler, was a British soldier, sent to Australia in the service of his country, taking his wife, Bridget, who was of Irish descent. While there, on May 9, 1830, William was born. When the little boy was three and a half years old they went to East India to remain for five years, at the expiration of which time Richard Fowler was discharged. They then returned to England, settling in Sheffield, where Richard died after two years. His wife followed him three and one-half years later, leaving William an orphan at the age of fourteen years.

His parents belonged to the Wesleyan faith. He first heard the gospel in 1848. Accepting the truths he was baptized July 29, 1849 by J. V. Long, and was ordained a priest on March 3, 1850. During the same month he was appointed to do missionary work (which he continued for four years) and in 1851 he was ordained an elder.

In 1854 he married Ellen Bradshaw of Sheffield. He seemed to have been endowed abundantly with talent, especially in music, literature and handicraft. He was also very proficient in his trade as cutler. These talents, enhanced with a very spiritual mindedness, made his contribution to the church most valuable. Many of his writings were printed in the *Millennial Star*, the church publication in England.

The hymn for which he is noted is, by no means, his only

composition. A splendid violin and a piccolo of which he is said to have been master, are now in the possession of his grandson who prizes them very highly. Most of his journals were written in shorthand, but of a system that is not in use today. No doubt many interesting incidents of his missionary experiences could be related if someone could be found familiar with the symbols of this system.

With his wife and three children he emigrated to America, leaving London June 4, 1863. He died of consumption at the early age of thirty-five years in August, 1865. To this man we are indebted for our grand old hymn, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

Prophet

William Fowler, 1830-1865

Composer unknown

Arranged by Editors from tune as sung

We thank thee, O God, for a prophet
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank thee for sending the gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank thee for every blessing
Bestowed by thy bounteous hands;
We feel it a pleasure to serve thee,
And love to obey thy commands.

When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us
And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is hope smiling brightly before us,
And we know that deliverance is nigh;
We doubt not the Lord nor his goodness,
We've proved him in days that are past;
The wicked who fight against Zion
Will surely be smitten at last.

We'll sing of his goodness and mercy;
We'll praise him by day and by night,
Rejoice in his glorious gospel,
And bask in its life-giving light:
Thus on to eternal perfection
The honest and faithful will go;
While they who reject this glad message,
Shall never such happiness know.

"WE THANK THEE, O GOD, FOR A PROPHET"

Out of darkness shone a light. God had not forsaken, but was preparing the world for a great transformation. At the opportune time He abundantly gave of his spirit which permeated the whole world, and life, which had been smoldering in the dark, suddenly burst forth like a flood, covering the earth, which showed itself in countless ways. The pioneering spirit invaded all life's activities, until historians called it a day of freedom, the age of invention, a renaissance. Great leaders arose in all fields of endeavor. Amid this great revival of learning and the taking on of new life and the breaking of old religions came the Restoration of the Gospel, and a leader from the humble ranks of life was chosen,—one obscure but potentially great—the boy Joseph Smith. The Spirit of God not only strove with the masses but silently worked with individuals, so that when they came in contact with the latter-day message, the voice of the Shepherd sounded familiar and His sheep followed Him. So it was with youthful William Fowler, as he rather timidly approached St. George's Hall, where the Latter Day Saints were holding meetings. This hall was located on one of the back, dismal streets leading off from St. George's Highway in Sheffield, England. A few people were lingering shamefacedly around the entrance and had already become the butt of some youths who had been spurred on in their derisive remarks by the use of the word "Saint." Inside was a poorly ventilated room with its crude furnishings and its disagreeable odor of oil lamps and wet clothing. Those "strong in the faith" had persisted in coming in spite of the chilly rain which had been falling throughout the day. There was nothing here at all to suggest church.

But William Fowler had had experiences above the average man, and undoubtedly being led by the Spirit of God, he undauntedly pushed by the little group lingering at the door and found himself in a gathering of laborers, lodge house-keepers, mechanics, small tradesmen, and the like. There was a general atmosphere of excitement and expectancy. The preacher, a missionary from America, was endued with a power from on high and his voice rang out with an assurance and the sound of one

having authority. As he continued to unfold the beautiful truths of the Restoration movement and to set forth its goal, the establishing of Zion so long foretold, the heart and mind of William Fowler was deeply touched and his longing for the fulness of the gospel was satisfied. The idea of authority and the official setting with a latter-day prophet, a seer and revelator again upon earth coincided with his previous search of the Bible and conclusion that God is unchangeable and continues to speak to his people.

But this man was cautious and took no steps until he was thoroughly convinced of the truthfulness of the message. He became a student of the church and in so doing learned what great sacrifices had been made for its establishment upon the land which God had designated. He learned too of the terrific persecutions which the Saints were suffering because of their peculiar belief.

The beauty of the great plan took hold of his soul. He cried, "It is enough. I too shall cast my lot with these people." In a moment of great ecstacy and gratitude toward God, he wrote this beautiful poem, which speaks the language of every Latter Day Saint heart. In our moments of ecstacy when we desire to express our gratitude for a prophet to guide us, do we not invariably turn to this hymn for expression of our emotions? Undoubtedly William Fowler was unconscious of the fact that his then seemingly insignificant composition was destined to become the most typical song of the Latter Day Saint people. This poem was set to a popular tune of that day entitled "The Officer's Funeral."

Saintly Praise

1841 Emma Smith Edition

Old Tune
Arranged by Editors

Rejoice, ye Saints of Latter Days,
Lift up your heads and sing!
With one accord unite to praise
Your Everlasting King.

No more in darkness need you walk,
Nor tread in error's night,
For the Most High again has called
The darkness into light.

As in the days of old,
To bring to mind things that are past,
And things to come unfold.
The Holy Spirit is sent down,

Oh, may it rest upon us now
While we're assembled here,
Bring consolation to our souls,
Our drooping spirits cheer.

Oh, may it ever guide our feet
In ways of righteousness,
That we may be accounted meet
To dwell in blessedness.

"REJOICE, YE SAINTS"

This hymn, "Rejoice, Ye Saints," sounds a glad note to all true Latter Day Saints, and its reminders put them in accord to praise the Everlasting King. At the word of the Lord, light has replaced the darkness of centuries; likewise grievous errors, misrepresenting God, have been cleared away.

The gifts of the Holy Spirit enjoyed in days of old have been bestowed in these the Latter Days, while the promise has been realized that it would "Bring to mind things that are past, and things to come unfold."

Rejoicing in this restoration there follows the earnest prayer that this blessed Spirit may be with us in our gathering together and that we may be worthy to receive its guidance here, preparing us for blessedness hereafter.

ELIZA R. SNOW

Eliza R. Snow, daughter of Oliver and Rosetta Pettibone Snow, was born in Becket, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, January 21, 1804. She was the second of seven children. She was of Puritan ancestry, and her father served in the Revolutionary War. When she was a little child, the family moved to Mantua, Ohio, and she was educated in the best schools of that region.

By inheritance and environment she was of a religious temperament and naturally was attracted to people of similar mind. Among her acquaintances in early womanhood were Alexander Campbell, founder of the Campbellite or Christian Church, and his associates, Walter Scott and Sydney Rigdon. Being well fitted by her literary and educational attainments, she was a leader among her companions. In her young womanhood she was a contributor to local papers and to some other publications. She was accomplished not only along literary lines, for she had been well trained in household affairs and was an artistic and expert needlewoman.

After having given the matter careful consideration for a number of months, she was baptized April 15, 1835. This caused a complete change in her plans. In December of that year, she moved to Kirtland, Ohio, then the headquarters for the church. Here she taught a school for young ladies and also became instructor to the children in Joseph Smith's family. She contributed liberally to the building of the Kirtland Temple and, in common with many others of that time and later, she sacrificed much for the faith she had espoused.

With her father's family, all of whom had accepted the restored gospel, she migrated with the Saints to Missouri and there shared with them in the persecutions which finally, in 1838, drove them from the state. During these trying times she gave all the assistance in her power to those about her. In Illinois her father's home was in Morley, a small town some distance from Nauvoo. At this place she taught school and wrote some of her best poems. Very possibly the one given with this sketch, published in 1840, may have been written there.

The Women's Relief Society, organized in Nauvoo in 1842, was presided over by Emma Smith, wife of Joseph Smith. Eliza R. Snow was elected secretary, which position she held until the disruption of the church. She followed the leadership of Brigham Young, and she carried with her the records of this society across the western desert to Utah. She walked practically all the way, driving her own oxen to the Salt Lake Valley. In 1866 she became president of the Women's Society, and she left a remarkable record of work accomplished for the development of that people.

There was a strong attachment between her brother Lorenzo and herself throughout their long lives. He succeeded Wilford Woodruff in 1898 as president of the Utah church. Eliza R. Snow wrote and published a biography of her brother, Lorenzo; a family record; two volumes of her poems; *The Correspondence of the Palestine tourists*, of whom she was one; and she compiled and published two primary hymnbooks. She died December 5, 1887.

Duke Street

Eliza R. Snow 1804-1887
Emma Smith Edition, 1841

John Hatton (?)-1793

Awake! Ye Saints of God, awake!
Call on the Lord in mighty prayer,
That he will Zion's bondage break,
And bring to naught the fowler's snare.

He will regard his people's cry,
The widow's tear, the orphan's moan;
The blood of those that slaughtered lie
Pleads not in vain before his throne.

Then let your souls be stayed on God;
A glorious scene is drawing nigh;
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, though fierce, will soon pass by.

Awake to union and be one,
Or saith the Lord, "Ye are not mine!"
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the Saints in union join.

"AWAKE! YE SAINTS"

This strong old Latter Day Saint hymn, "Awake! Ye Saints," published in 1840, breathes of the time of persecution just preceding its publication, and, no doubt, of the discouragement of many people who needed to be aroused by the call, "Awake! Ye Saints of God, awake." The sense of bondage, in not being able to live where they chose in this land proclaimed a land of liberty, had disheartened many; moreover the fowler's snare, for the time, had seemed effective in hindering the "Marvelous Work and a Wonder" started on earth in fulfillment of prophecy in these last days.

But God's purposes cannot be thwarted, and in this knowledge mighty prayers of faith can still ascend. At that time there were widows and orphans of men whose lives had been taken ruthlessly while defending their homes, from which they were driven. We wonder how such treatment could have been permitted, but there comes to mind the revelation to John on the Isle of Patmos, where he saw "under the altar the souls of those who were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held," and these were told "that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." History tells of many who would have joined them there, and the Church of the Latter Days has given its precious quota.

We question, could we have held the faith through such persecution? With the testimony of Jesus strong within us we trust we could have been as true as they. But can we endure in present conditions? The fowler's snare may take other forms. There is yet—worst of all—the bondage of sin. The sleeping time may overtake us unprepared. Other storms may gather. There are widows and orphans to be cared for and the great work of God to be carried on.

Can we awake to union and be one? How sorrowful is the state of God's children when for lack of unity he must say to them, "Ye are not mine." In the glorious scene that is drawing nigh, what gladness there will be for those of whom the Lord will say, "They shall be mine, in that day when I make up my jewels."

THE TUNE

Little is known of John Hatton, author of the impressive music that fits so well with the earnestness of this hymn. He lived in Warrington, afterwards St. Helens, in England. Later he was a resident of Duke Street in the township of Windle. Of the several tunes he composed, Duke Street is the most popular. In stately measure it accompanies two of Isaac Watts' hymns in the new *Hymnal* and three others, besides this one by E. R. Snow. No other tune in this collection is used so many times.

PART TWO

HYMNS OF THE REORGANIZATION

With Biographies Of
Authors and Composers

Narrative By

CALLIE B. STEBBINS

CALLIE B. STEBBINS

For many years Sister Stebbins was a busy worker in the church, in Sunday school and women's work. At one time in the midst of an important task a sudden illness threatened her life. Assurance came with the words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms," and quick relief was given. In her gratitude the following verses were written:

When life seemed almost ebbing,
Its duties nearly done,
The peace of God was given
And every fear was gone.
As one his mother comforts
The everlasting arm
Laid underneath, about me,
Held safe from every harm.

I prayed for strength to finish
A task to me assigned.
For help then quickly given
I praise the Master kind.
And still my days are lengthened
That I may do his will.
May all my ways be ordered
His purpose to fulfill.

Though I can do but little
Oh, may I faithful prove
To him whose every dealing
Gives token of his love.
My own strength is but weakness,
Alone I faint and fail,
But he has given promise
Of help that will avail.

The Most High is my Shepherd,
He surely will provide.
In pastures green he's led me
The waters still beside.
And so this tender Shepherd
I'll trust whate'er betide;
In death I'll fear no evil,
He'll still be at my side.

In later years Sister Stebbins' health failed to such an extent that she could not assume responsibility away from home, but her heart was in the Lord's work and she longed to be useful. Earnestly she prayed, "If there is anything I can do, show me, dear Lord, and let me do it." Then most unexpectedly there came to her the request to write these Rorganization hymn stories with biographies of authors and composers. It was work she could do in her home and gladly she consented. Her prayer was answered.

If these stories may bring inspiration to others as they have brought blessing to her, then may the words of these borrowed lines speak her grateful joy in the work.

"He answered all my prayer abundantly
And crowned the work that to his feet I brought
With blessing more than I had asked or thought."

And she would add, "To God be all the praise."

PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH

Joseph Smith III, the eldest son of Joseph the Martyr and Emma Hale Smith, was born November 6, 1832, at Kirtland, Ohio. With the family he was in Missouri during the time of persecution there, and with them he went to Illinois when he was six years of age. When he was in his twelfth year, his father was killed by a mob at Carthage, Illinois, and soon after that the Saints were driven from Nauvoo.

Except for a short absence at this time, Joseph grew to manhood in Nauvoo and won the respect of the people of that community. He was married there in 1856 to Miss Emmaline Griswold, and five children were born to them, two of whom died in infancy. He became president of the church in 1860, and removed to Plano, Illinois, in 1866 where he was called by his work as editor of the *Saints' Herald*. His wife, Emmaline, died in March, 1869.

By a subsequent marriage to Miss Bertha Madison who presided over his home for twenty-seven years, eight children were added to the family circle. Of these, the eldest living son, Frederick Madison Smith, is now president of the church and his Brother, Israel A., is secretary. In November, 1881, the family removed to Lamoni, Iowa, thus bringing "Brother Joseph" (as the Saints loved to call him) to the land of peaceful homes shown him in vision at Nauvoo, when as a young man the choice was set before him by the Lord whether he would win fame in the world or give himself to the work of the church.

In October, 1896, "Mother Bertha" was thrown from a buggy and died as a result of the accident. Four of her children preceded her to the life beyond. As the wife of his declining years, President Smith found in Miss Ada Rachel Clark of Canada, whom he married in January, 1898, a most devoted companion and a faithful mother to the three children born to them. In the year 1906 they made their home in Independence, Missouri, and here, in 1914, Brother Joseph passed from his earthly life, though his influence still remains with the people of the church, by whom he was greatly loved.

Years of suffering from facial neuralgia finally had resulted

in complete loss of sight to the aged prophet, but his mind remained clear and his faith in God and the great latter-day work was undimmed. His last months were occupied in dictating his "Memoirs" to his son Israel, who served as his secretary. These memoirs have been edited by his daughter Audentia, the wife of Benjamin M. Anderson. They have been printed in the *Saints' Herald*.

The following tribute paid President Smith by the editor of a Kansas City newspaper sums up the elements of the character formed by living in accordance with the gospel he taught.

He was the Prophet, but first of all he was the Christian gentleman and the good citizen. As such he lived; as such he died; as such he will be remembered by all outside the household of his faith. His followers themselves can have no legacy of remembrance more honorable than this appraisement of the people among whom he lived and labored so many years.

Kindly, cheerful, loyal to his own creed, tolerant of those of others, standing for modesty, simplicity, good citizenship, embodying in his private and public life all the virtues which adorn a character worthy of emulation, such is the revelation Joseph Smith leaves to the world, as the real interpretation of an ecclesiastical message translated into terms of human character.

To the fostering of music in the church President Smith always lent his influence, and through him was given the revelation encouraging the cultivation of music and of song found in the *Doctrine and Covenants*. Five hymns of which he is the author are included in the present *Saints' Hymnal*.

Park Street

Joseph Smith, 1832-1914

Frederick M. A. Venua 1788-1872

Unmoved by fear, my praise is due
To thee, thou gracious God of Saints;
Thy mercies great, thy counsel true,
My prayers are heard and my complaints;
My prayers are heard and my complaints.

Compassed by love, my heart's best thought
I raise in gratitude to thee;
Nor wait to thank thee; all untaught,

Thy love's best gift hath taught it me;
Thy love's best gift hath taught it me.

I fear but that I may not gain
A place beside my noblest friend;
I love—but ah, the sweet refrain,
“On thee, my Savior, I depend;
On thee, my Savior, I depend!”

“UNMOVED BY FEAR”

In the strength of his manhood and the righteousness of his purpose Joseph Smith wrote, “Unmoved by fear, my praise is due to Thee, thou gracious God of Saints.” Not servilely, not abjectly, as some men in the past had felt they must approach the Lord, but with confidence in his mercies and his counsel, he could bring to him his praise, his prayers, and his complaints.

“Perfect love casteth out fear” and the words of the second verse show his consciousness of that love. “Compassed by love,” he felt his “heart’s best thought” drawn out in gratitude, not taught by man but by the best gift of that love, the ministry of the Holy Spirit. Sharing these sentiments we may make this hymn our own.

A wholesome kind of fear is expressed in the line, “I fear but that I may not gain a place beside my noblest Friend.” This fear is accompanied by love and the confession of need in the words, “On thee, my Savior, I depend.” We may believe it is this kind of fear that applies best in the comforting Scripture. “Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name.”

THE TUNE

Frederick Marco Antonia Venua was one of the oldest members of the Royal Society of Musicians. In 1858 he retired to Exeter after an active musical life. The tune Park Street is a favorite of long standing in America.

Naomi

Joseph Smith, 1832-1914

Arranged from Hans George Naegeli
By Dr. Lowell Mason, 1836

Lord, let thy blessing rest in peace
Upon us ere we part,
Nor let that blessing ever cease
To cheer the contrite heart.

Let us go hence in deepest thought
Upon thy bounteous love,
To find how much that love has wrought
To lift our souls above.

We go from out these hallowed walls
To toil in wearying care,
To seek supply for daily calls,
And daily burdens bear.

Cheer us, blest Lord, for daily tasks,
That we may love and live;
For peace, each Saint in parting asks,
The peace that Christ can give.

"LORD, LET THY BLESSING REST IN PEACE"

Jesus said to his disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." In this parting hymn the plea is for that peace to rest upon those who together have thought upon his bounteous love. The contrite heart, recognizing its own shortcomings, is the receptive one with whom this blessing can abide.

How fitting to most lives is the reference to toiling in weary care, to seeking of supplies, and to bearing of burdens. A mother testified in prayer meeting that while on her knees, scrubbing the floor, feeling overburdened with the cares of her family, she cried out, "O Lord, why is so much put upon mothers?" Instantly her soul was filled with love and peace. Her burdens no longer oppressed and from a singing heart she could praise the loving Father who had heard her cry and so quickly had given her relief. Shall we not sing in faith, "Cheer us, blest Lord, for daily tasks," lifted above the sordid and distressing things (by God's love), "that we may love and live" the more abundant life made possible by "the peace that Christ can give."

THE TUNE

The tune, "Naomi," was arranged by Dr. Lowell Mason from a German melody by Hans George Naegell.

Lowell Mason was born in Medfield, Massachusetts, January 8, 1792. When twenty years of age he taught music and led a church choir at Savannah, Georgia, where he spent sixteen years of his younger life as a clerk in a bank.

In 1827 he was located in Boston where he became president of the Handel and Haydn Society. He pursued his studies of music in this country and abroad, and in 1855 the first degree of Doctor of Music ever given in the United States was conferred upon him by the University of New York. He was prominent in the establishment of the Boston Academy of Music.

Hezekiah Butterworth says of him, "What he did for the song service of the church in America by his singing schools, conventions and published manuals, to form and organize the choral branch of divine worship, has no parallel unless it is Noah Webster's service to the English language. Dr. Mason's musical attainments were controlled by a devout spirit." He is the author of twenty-eight tunes used in the new *Hymnal*. He died in Orange, New Jersey, August 8, 1872.

Dancer

Joseph Smith, 1832-1914

Norman W. Smith, 1833-1917

Brethren, breathe one fervent prayer,
Ere from hence our footsteps tend,
To the Prince upon whose care
All our hopes and joys depend.
Look beneath, around, above,
All is filled with blessed peace;
'Tis the gift of God's best love—
Pray that love may still increase.

Go with reverent purpose hence,
Strengthened, helped by Spirit's power;
Christ is Helper, Strength, Defence;
Bless him for this peaceful hour.
Look with chastened hearts before;
See! the clouds are silver lined!
What assurance need we more?
"God is ever true and kind."

“BRETHREN, BREATHE ONE FERVENT PRAYER”

Here again we have the fervent prayer to the One “upon whose care all our hopes and joys depend” for peace, “the gift of God’s best love.” Strengthened in reverent purpose by the peaceful hour in communion of Saints with God the clouds that have seemed dark, become silver lined, and under this influence the participants go forth with the assurance that “Christ is Helper, Strength, Defence” and “God is ever true and kind.”

THE TUNE

(See biographical sketch of Norman W. Smith.)

Mission

Joseph Smith, 1832-1914

Mark H. Forscutt, 1834-1903

Send forth the sowers; each hamlet and plain
 Waits for the seed which thy messengers bear;
 Send forth the sowers; but send not in vain,
 Give to their sowing thy fatherly care.

Refrain:

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send once again,
 Now is the seedtime of life and of peace;
 Send forth the sowers, Lord, send once again, once again,
 Sowing the world for the harvest of peace.

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send to the isles,
 Scatter the seed where the Gentile doth dwell;
 Send forth the sowers, Lord, send while thy smiles
 Give to the seed sown their life-giving spell.

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send them afar;
 Send to the sinful, the weary, and worn;
 Send forth the sowers, Lord, send, while the star
 Of Bethlehem’s King to the zenith is borne.

“SEND FORTH THE SOWERS”

In this hymn, “Send Forth the Sowers,” we have the united work of two great men, Joseph Smith, the author of the words, and Mark H. Forscutt, who sensed their spirit from his devoted labor in the missionary field, and embodied it in this tune.

In the successive gospel dispensations God had called men to carry His message to the people, and now in the Latter Days, after a grievous falling away, Joseph Smith, looking upon the waiting world, with the few men the Lord had gathered about him, felt the great need of more laborers. His anxious desire for God's work is expressed in this hymn, "Send forth the sowers, Lord, send once again," and he adds, "Give to their sowing Thy fatherly care." Knowing that the Spirit by which the word is given must also quicken it in the hearers, he prays, "Send forth the sowers, Lord, send while Thy smiles, give to the seed sown their life-giving spell." The object of all was simply that "the star of Bethlehem's King to the zenith is borne" and the gospel of peace reach "the sinful, the weary, and worn."

How stimulating to our missionary ardor is the chorus, with music so fittingly emphasizing its meaning!

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send once again,
Now is the seed-time of life and of peace;
Send forth the sowers, Lord, send once again, once again,
Sowing the world for the harvest of peace.

THE TUNE

(See biographical sketch of Mark H. Forscutt.)

Tenderly Lead Thou Me On

Joseph Smith, 1832-1914

Norman W. Smith, 1833-1917

Tenderly, tenderly, lead thou me on,
On o'er the way where my Savior hath gone;
Bright on his pathway the sunlight hath shone,
Tenderly, tenderly, lead thou me on.
Close to his hand I so trembly clung,
Faint were the songs I so doubtly sung,
Brokenly falling from faltering tongue,
Tenderly, tenderly, lead thou me on.

Trusting, trusting, forward I go,
Waiting instruction the pathway to know;
Watching the promise that beams from the bow,
Tenderly, tenderly, leading me on.

Angels have trodden the thorn-planted way;
 Guide thou me, Lord, that I may never stray;
 Strengthen me, Lord, that like them I may stay,
 Tenderly, tenderly, led by thee on.

Faithfully, faithfully, holding my hand,
 On the rough, slippery heights safely I stand;
 Looking away to the heavenly strand,
 Tenderly, tenderly, he leads me on.

Now has my weak heart grown trustingly strong,
 Ways have grown short that seemed once to be long,
 Gladly I join in the triumphant song,
 Tenderly, tenderly, leading me on.

"TENDERLY LEAD THOU ME ON"

As a boy Joseph Smith endured with his mother the persecutions resulting in the death of his father and the scattering of the Saints from Nauvoo.

As a young man he heeded the call of God to take his father's place at the head of those remaining faithful for the upbuilding of the church. With the growing work the cares of his office increased, but with these there came the sustaining grace of the Spirit and in his ministry he was greatly blessed.

But sickness and sorrow invaded his home. The loss of two children was followed by the death of his wife, Emma. The hymn beginning,

Beneath the darkest cloud
 God's hand I see

was written while under the shadow of this bereavement. The confidence expressed in the hymn reveals a depth of woe, accompanied by trust and comfort shown in the lines,

Through blinding tears thy smile,
 My God, I see.

This hymn was printed in the *Saints' Harp* in 1871.

Years later with another companion and a family of growing children, David Carlos his eldest living son was taken by death, and after a few years his darling Azuba, then the youngest daughter, suddenly was torn from the family circle. Again he was overwhelmed with grief. Azuba died as the result of an

accident on the school ground. Her father was attending a distant reunion and before he could reach home his precious child had passed away. The shock to him was staggering. How could he bear up under this blow and still carry the burden of responsibility laid upon him by the Lord and by the church?

Questioning thus, as he sat in his office one day, there seemed to come before him an accumulation of all that oppressed him and his soul cried out for an escape. If only he could be released from his office! But no, he could not ask for that. The harrowing presentation grew in intensity until, as he cried, "Lord, make me able to endure," it seemed to crystallize, then to break apart and vanish. Over his spirit there came the peace of tender, enveloping love. He was given added consolation by a vision in which he saw Azuba in the care of a lovely guardian, happy with other children. A few months later his heart was gladdened by the birth of his baby, Lucy, now Mrs. Jess Lysinger.

Prepared by the varied experiences of a long life in the service of God he wrote the hymn beginning.

Tenderly, tenderly, lead thou me on,

On o'er the way where my Savior hath gone,

knowing that way to be one of service and of suffering, under the sunlight of God's love. Now he could sing, "Ways have grown short that seemed once to be long." With confidence he could wait for instruction in the weighty matters that perplexed him, for at times a heavenly messenger had come to him with the word of the Lord to be given to his people and at other times his room had been filled with light while a voice dictated the message he was to write. Though at times, under great pressure of distress, his heart had grown weak, as had even the heart of "Him who had trodden the wine press alone," yet he knew the infinite tenderness of the One who would be holding his hand. With gladness he could join in the triumphant song:

Tenderly, tenderly, leading me on.

Truly these words had "made melody" in his own heart even before they were set to music, but he desired that others, too, might sing and find comfort in them. As he met Norman W. Smith in front of the Brick Church in Lamoni one Sunday in

the year 1891 he asked him to set them to music. In his modest way, feeling that now there were so many fine musicians in the church, Brother Norman said he feared he might not be able to satisfy them. Brother Joseph said, "You write the music to suit yourself and all will be satisfied." In a short time the beautiful, expressive music was written as we have it now in the *Hymnal*, and as it appeared previously in *Zion's Praises*.

THE TUNE

(See biographical sketch of Norman W. Smith.)

NORMAN WHITEFIELD SMITH

Norman Whitefield Smith was born at Bainbridge, Ohio, April 26, 1833, and passed from this life at Lamoni, Iowa, February 1, 1917. He was one of the family of ten children of Thomas and Emaline Eggleston Smith. In 1859, at the age of 27 years he was married to Ellen Granger at Cleveland, Ohio. They journeyed at once to the frontier in western Michigan where their four children were born. In September, 1882, the family moved to Lamoni, Iowa, after a long illness the tenderly loved companion and mother was taken from them. In 1894, Norman Smith married May Bell, a resident of Lamoni. One daughter was born to them and another little girl was adopted.

Missionaries of the Reorganized Church came into Norman Smith's neighborhood in Michigan in 1867 and 1868. He was baptized July 4, 1868, by Elder E. C. Briggs and confirmed by Elders D. H. Smith, H. A. Stebbins, and E. C. Briggs. In about six weeks his wife was baptized. In 1869 he was ordained a deacon and in 1889, a teacher.

In his early youth, under the tutorship of his sister Julia, he began the study of music. Music remained his constant thought and joy throughout a long life. He commenced teaching music about the year 1851 and continued this work constantly for many years, in fact not entirely giving it up until about 1890. Loving music as he did he practiced every day on his six octave organ.

He was one of the four men of the compiling committee for

the *Saints' Harp*. He assisted in the committee work in arranging and compiling the *Saints' Harmony*. In this work he spent some weeks at Plano, Illinois, with the other brethren of the committee and keenly enjoyed the work. He took continued interest in the musical work in the church and helped whenever he had opportunity.

The music for Brother Joseph's hymn, "Tenderly, Tenderly, Lead Thou Me On" was written by him in 1891. His kindly nature and his sense of the love of God fitted him to give expression in music to the sentiments of the song.

The music for his funeral service was selected from among his numerous compositions in the *Harp*, *Harmony*, *Hymnal* and *Praises*. The hymn, "Lord, Teach Thy Servants How to Pray," was sung as a solo. This hymn he had composed on New Year's Day, in 1917, just one month before his death.

The new *Hymnal* presents four of his hymn tunes, "Dancer," "Fellowship," "Tenderly," and "Land."

DAVID HYRUM SMITH

David Hyrum Smith, youngest son of Joseph and Emma Smith, was born November 17, 1844, five months after the cruel murder of his father, in the midst of persecution, and shortly before the expulsion of the Saints and the almost complete destruction of their beautiful city, Nauvoo.

He became a member of the Reorganization by baptism October 27, 1861. He was ordained a priest March 21, 1863, and an elder October 8, of the same year.

May 10, 1870, he was married to Clara C. Hartshorn at Sandwich, Illinois. His one son, Elbert A., born March 8, 1871, at Nauvoo, Illinois, was for many years a counselor of the Presidency and became Presiding Patriarch of the church in 1938.

At the April Conference of 1871, David was ordained president of the second Quorum of Elders. He did missionary work in Michigan and twice was sent to Utah and the Pacific Slope. For a time in Plano, Illinois, he acted as assistant editor of the *Saints' Herald*. At Plano, April 10, 1873, he was ordained second counselor to President Joseph Smith.

Of him we are told in *Church History*, volume 4, "His school education was limited, but being an insatiable reader, and a student of nature as well, this disadvantage was largely overcome. He early manifested considerable power and talent as a writer, a musician, and an artist with pencil and brush. He is probably most widely known through his poetical works collected in the book entitled *Hesperis* and through the songs of his composition published in the *Saints' Harp* and in the *Hymnal*.

"Those with whom he was most intimate remember him as a man passionately fond of music and flowers, deeply moved by all things beautiful; melancholy at times, yet sunny tempered; possessed of a strong sense of humor, loving, sympathetic, humble." His death occurred in 1904.

Let Us Shake Off The Coals

David H. Smith, 1844-1904

Old Melody, Arranged by Editors

Let us shake off the coals from our garments
 And arise in the strength of our Lord;
 Let us break off the yoke of our bondage,
 And be free in the joy of the word.
 For the pebble has dropped in the water,
 And the waves circle round with the shock—
 Shall we anchor our barks in the center,
 Or drift out and be wrecked on the rock?

Let us waken our songs in the morning
 And let them at noontide resound;
 Then the evening shall find us rejoicing,
 While the law in our hearts will be found.
 For the Lord is remembering Zion,
 And bringing her comfort once more—
 Shall we anchor our barks in the center,
 Or drift out and be wrecked on the shore?

Thank the Lord for the plan he has given
 That will render us pure as a child,
 That will change this cold world into heaven,
 By his Spirit so holy and mild.
 And the hope of a portion in Zion,
 Shall cheer us till trials are o'er—
 Let us anchor our barks in the center,
 And be safe from the rocks on the shore.

"LET US SHAKE OFF THE COALS"

In western Iowa Elder W. W. Blair found a fruitful field for his labors in the early days of the reorganization of the church, both before and after Joseph Smith, the son, became its leader. He enlisted in the new movement many members of the old church, who, after the exodus from Nauvoo, had settled in this region, and here, in the early sixties, the fall conference began to be held.

When news of the reorganization of the church spread through the region around Nauvoo, it was rumored that young Joseph would attempt to regather the Saints to that place. This caused a feeling of hostility on the part of some and threats of violence were made. Friends from different parts were prompt in denouncing such measures but some radical anti-Mormons declared no Mormon should preach or pray in that country.

Threatening letters were received by the Smith brothers and Joseph was advised by friends to leave the place. To this he gave no heed. His brave-hearted mother had set the example of remaining quietly in her home and now the family with the few other Saints in the town held weekly prayer meetings, with Joseph presiding, at first in private dwellings. In 1861, their number having increased by a few local baptisms and by the moving in of several families, they were occupying a large room in the building which had been used as a store and an office by Joseph's father.

Prejudice was very bitter and the courage of the little band of Saints was sorely tried. So much suffering had been endured, so many lives and so much property had been sacrificed in the unforgotten persecution that now they wondered—Was it to break again upon their defenseless heads? At times some questioned—Was it worth the struggle? But still they kept their faith and labored on.

In the midst of this opposition David Smith was baptized in 1861. In 1862 Alexander H. united with the church and was ordained an elder in 1863. He spent the following summer, fall, and winter in company with Elder Blair in western Iowa where they were richly rewarded by the results of their ministry.

Braving the prejudice, which gradually gave way, Joseph preached in Nauvoo and the adjoining country, being assisted by his brother David, who had been ordained a priest. At Council Bluffs, in October, 1863, David was ordained an elder. Following the conference at which he was ordained the three brothers, Joseph, Alexander, and David, with Elder Blair visited and preached in a number of places, where they were warmly welcomed by the Saints.

From the writings of Elder Blair we glean the following:

At Manti (Fisher's Grove) we had large attendance at our services. . . . Here we had a joyous time in one of our evening prayer meetings. . . . After the meeting had been in progress for some time President Smith rose, his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "I feel like prophesying." He then declared that God had begun a work in that place which would save or condemn many, and said the time was at hand when trials would come upon that people and that those who accepted the Lord's work, and were faithful, would be blessed and prospered, and that those who would not would fear and be scattered, and he called on all to beware lest the diverging currents of tribulation sweep them out and dash them upon the rocks of misfortune.

Immediately Brother David H. Smith arose in the Spirit and sang the first two stanzas of the hymn,

Let us shake off the coals from our garments
And arise in the strength of the Lord

which in a poetic way embraces some of the features of the prophecy. . . . The congregation seemed spell bound as with eagerness they listened to the heaven-inspired song as it fell from his lips in all its richness and power. Every soul was thrilled and every heart melted under the sweet, peaceful influence of the Holy Spirit which attended and bore witness to the word. . . .

Had the people thus warned heeded this admonition of the Spirit it would have saved many from being driven far away by their fears of threatened calamities, prevented their large losses in the hurried sales of land and other effects, at ruinous rates, and they also might have secured the ownership of Fisher's Grove and the best lands adjacent to it that now constitute one of the most wealthy and important settlements in Western Iowa. Some there were who heeded and were blessed accordingly.

President Smith records that at Manti they met a group of excellent singers and he adds, "I recall that there my brother

heard the tune of 'Faded Flowers' to which he was given in prayer meeting the words of this hymn." After the meeting, the two stanzas were written and the third one was added the next day.

On the return of President Smith and his brother David to Nauvoo what rejoicing there must have been in the little branch over the encouraging news from conference, the great interest among the people, the many baptisms reported, the ordination of their beloved David, and the outpouring of the Spirit in the meetings! Under the influence of the same Spirit by which it was given we may believe the inspired hymn was sung in the little meeting of these devoted Saints. With what joy they could sing from that time on,

For the Lord is remembering Zion
And bringing her comfort once more.

With renewed courage they could take up their duties, determined to

Anchor (their) barks in the center,
And be safe from the rocks on the shore.

Prejudice died away and the Saints were unmolested. Joseph continued his preaching and as he went about the country he made the acquaintance of prominent men and gained their confidence. The respect of the citizens of Nauvoo was shown by his election as school director and as justice of the peace, which offices he had held seven and a half years when he resigned from them to remove with his family to Plano, Illinois.

Eleven years later a petition was sent from Nauvoo asking the Reorganization to make its headquarters in that city. The four hundred signers of that petition comprised nearly all the business, professional, and laboring men of the city and its immediate vicinity. Thus came a measure of vindication of the people who had been despised, and the good name of the Saints entitling them to such an invitation was a matter for sincere congratulation and for gratitude to God.

The Lord was then and is now remembering Zion and will continue to give comfort so long as "The law in our hearts will be found."

A Calm and Gentle Quiet

David H. Smith, 1844-1904

John L. Morgan, 1869-1913

A calm and gentle quiet reigns tonight,
 There's not a cloud upon a single brow;
 And every heart is swelling with delight,
 For peace is brooding sweetly o'er us now;
 And every bosom feels the thrilling touch
 Of spirit, and the touch of holy fire,
 The precious boon for which we pray so much,
 In answer to our earnest hearts' desire.

We thank the Lord that we have lived to see
 The good he bringeth in this latter day;
 Our earnest prayers to him shall ever be,
 To keep our feet within the narrow way,
 For we have walked in darkness hitherto,
 And had but just a little ray of light;
 But now the blessings fall as morning dew,
 And truth is shining as the morning bright.

✓ We must not wait, for now the time is ours
 And if I wait, another waits for me—
 We see the workings of contending powers;
 The darkness and the holy light we see;
Then let us render service to the Lord,
And drive those clouds of fear and doubt away,
That we may all rejoice with one accord,
Until the dawning of that perfect day.

"A CALM AND GENTLE QUIET"

How restful to souls gathered in from the turmoil of life to feel the brooding peace of the Spirit that brings the cloudless calm and a delight in the purposes and promises of God! The Psalmist said, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart." A Latter Day revelation tells us the Holy Spirit is given in answer to prayer, and Jesus said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father." Then if there be a united prayer for the Holy Spirit it will be given "in answer to our earnest hearts' desire."

The restoration of the gospel, and the Reorganization, so new when this hymn was written, give never ending cause for gratitude. "The good he bringeth in this latter day," in contrast with the darkness that prevailed before, makes the truth to shine with morning brightness and the blessings received are indeed like the refreshing dew.

The result of these thoughts is to stir the desire to be helpful; to render service to the Lord in the devotions of his house and wherever opportunity may offer. Contending powers were at work when this hymn was first sung. They are still in operation but those who make an effort to be faithful may still rejoice with one accord in the light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

THE TUNE

(See biographical sketch of John L. Morgan.)

Fellowship

David H. Smith, 1844-1904

Anonymous

Ascribed to Norman W. Smith, 1833-1917

You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale,
But the place most delightful this earth can afford
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the skies' softening graces where day is just gone,
But there's no other season or place can compare
With the house of devotion, the season of prayer.

You may value the friendship of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

"YOU MAY SING OF THE BEAUTY"

In this hymn, "You May Sing of the Beauty," the beauties of nature, so expanding to the souls of those who revel in them,

are sweetly brought before us so that by comparison we may recognize a still higher form of enjoyment.

Worship is a necessity for the full development of man. A great writer says, "We may work, play, and love, and yet if man does not worship he will lose the great thing he was put on earth for, to find God and enjoy him forever." Unless man worships, he remains incomplete. Happy are we if the blending of all our joys culminates in the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

The love of truth that leads into fellowship with Christ forms a tie that binds the hearts of those who "sit together in heavenly places," who "delight in the prospect revealed from above." Many are they who can sing from the heart,

The friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

Purity

David H. Smith, 1844-1904

Imogene Austin Redfield

The Saints shall wear robes as the lilies
When Jesus, returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain.

Refrain:

Then praise ye the Lord forever and aye,
For glory and honor are his;
With songs and flowers we'll strew the glad way,
For roses and lilies are his.

By the side of the murmuring waters
The roses in beauty shall grow,
And Zion, adorning her daughters,
Shall dress them in lilies of snow.

Her walls shall be covered with roses,
Her streets be with violets lined,
Her temples shall glitter with jewels,
The columns with lilies be twined.

Our Father, who clotheth the lilies
And giveth the roses their hue,
Will watch o'er his flocks in the valleys,
His word and his counsel are true.

Then let us be pure as the lily,
And joyous and glad as the rose,
That when Jesus selecteth his jewels
In Zion we'll find our repose.

"THE SAINTS SHALL WEAR ROBES AS THE LILIES"

A beautiful service has come down to us from this student of nature and of the word of God, the flower-and-music-loving David who, because of his hymns and other poems, has been called "the Sweet Singer of Latter-Day Israel."

We can imagine this son, coming after the death of his father, stirring anew the maternal love of his grief-stricken mother, and bracing her for the care of her family in those trying days, in his early years bringing flowers for her to admire and later helping her cultivate those in her garden at the back of her home in the Nauvoo Mansion.

There was much in his surroundings to satisfy his beauty-loving soul: the majestic river rounding the curve at the foot of the slope on which the city was built, the far-reaching view, the fine old trees around his home, the grassy incline to the river, and the woodland paths where he roamed, observing each graceful line and varying color.

A half mile below the city in a rocky bluff overlooking the river is a picturesque nook that bears the name "David's Chamber," where many of his poems are said to have been written. Looking down, his eyes would rest upon a verdured glen with a small stream winding its way to "the Father of Waters." The place is also known as "Lovers' Glen."

David knew where the wild flowers of each season grew and not content with seeking them here and there he brought some of each kind to a corner of the home garden, giving them natural conditions as far as possible.

A girl companion helped with the planning and arranging of this garden, the two working together and enjoying life as

it can be enjoyed only by children in their teens. Later, this same friend, Imogene Austin (Redfield), standing one day in the end of the grape arbor with flowers on every side, filled with a sense of their loveliness, thought of the rose as the queen of flowers and of the lily as the purest, and with these thoughts she was humming the sweet old tune of this hymn.

David, standing near, asked her of what she was thinking. When she had told him he was filled with the Spirit and straightway bringing writing material he seated himself in an east doorway of the dear, old home and wrote the words of this hymn as we have it now, except that the first line read, "The saints shall wear roses and lilies."

This hymn expresses love for the beautiful not alone in nature, but in character as well, and also in the promises of God.

Decatur

David H. Smith, 1844-1904

Revised from "Saints' Harmony," 1889

Let us pray for one another,
For the day is fading fast
An' the night is growing darker,
Wi' the scourge goes flaming past;
We can see it in the darkness
Closing round our narrow way,
And the snares are growing thicker;
For each other let us pray.

We are walking down time's vista;
We are very near the end;
Let us pray that God, the Father,
May his guiding Spirit send.
Now the foe becomes more daring,
Knowing well the latter day,
'Tis the strength of his despairing;
For each other let us pray.

Pray in faith, and pray unceasing,
To the God we love and trust,
For our prayers are much availing
If we walk upright and just.

Be not weary of exhorting,
Heed the lesson of each day;
And that we may be unwavering,
For each other let us pray.

It is waning on toward midnight,
Soon we'll hear the watchman say,
"See! The Son of God is coming;
Go and meet him on the way!"
That our lamps may then be burning
Bright enough to guide our way,
And that we may share his glory,
For each other let us pray.

"LET US PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER"

The true hymn is described as being scriptural, lyrical and devotional. These elements are present in this hymn, "Let Us Pray for One Another."

In the Scriptures we read, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Love will cause us to "feel another's woe," and James' counsel, in connection with the ordinance for the healing of the sick, is to "Pray one for another, that ye may be healed." To this he adds, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Why blessings may be secured for one through the prayers of others is a part of the mystery of godliness, but many instances prove this to be true.

During the World War Elder Peter Whalley, having come through exposure and great danger, was seriously ill in a hospital overseas. In a vision he was shown his home branch in New England, assembled and praying for him. He heard a prophecy given there saying he would return in safety and continue his service in the work of the Lord. The prophecy was fulfilled, and with added faith and courage he has devoted himself to his calling in the ministry.

Elder George Thorburn of the Seventy, before his marriage and for some time after, gave no thought to religion. While his wife attended church services on Sunday he would go hunting or find other recreation for the day. For two years she prayed for his conversion, fasting every Sunday in her anxiety to secure

for him this great blessing. At the end of this time he attended a meeting with her, became deeply interested and soon entered whole-heartedly into the service of the Lord, where the years have proved him to be a valiant soldier of the cross, as many can testify.

Elder Leonard G. Holloway, also a seventy, in the early years of his ministry at one time in a northwestern state was greatly troubled about a preaching appointment in regard to which his mind was a blank. While making an earnest, but seemingly fruitless effort to prepare his sermon a vision was opened to his view. He saw and heard Elder Charles H. Jones, who baptized him, at home on his farm in Missouri kneeling and praying for him and his success. The vision closed, but the Spirit that prompted the prayer brought a flood of light on the message to be presented and the sermon was one of inspiration.

Mrs. Fred Hartshorn (an aunt of President Elbert A. Smith), mother of a family of small children, had a cancer on her breast. It was burned out twice, but again it returned. Recognizing it as a menace to her life, the Saints of the branch of which she was a member came together in fasting and prayer that she might be healed. The cancer fell out and caused her no more trouble. She lived to bring up her children and to bear a faithful testimony to the healing power of God.

In commanding that Sidney Rigdon be sent on a mission with the "gospel of salvation," the Lord said to Joseph Smith and those associated with him, "By your prayer of faith with one consent, I will uphold him." Thus He divided the responsibility and made His support in some measure dependent upon the support given by his fellow servants.

For many reasons we are called upon to pray for another. The hymn reminds us of the snares and scourges that may close about our way and of our need of the guiding Spirit to keep us unwavering in the path of right. What an incentive to walk uprightly and to deal justly is in the thought that as a people united in righteousness we might attain to greater power of faith in prayer!

Exhortations will come to us and lessons day by day to be

heeded if we would lay up a store of oil with our lamps and be able to keep them trimmed and burning. Of the coming of the Son of God no man knoweth the day nor the hour. It will be in a time when men will say, "The Lord delayeth his coming." But whether in our day or whether we may hope to be with those whom the Lord will bring with him when he comes we have need to be ready. In the stress of this day of preparation what a strength to feel that each is praying for the others, and in times of special need that most earnest heed will be given to the admonition, "Let us pray for one another."

Greeting

David H. Smith, 1844-1904

Old Tune

We come with joy the truth to teach you,
To sow the seed in every heart;
We hope the evidence may reach you,
That from all error you may part.
Receive ye the word,
As taught by the Lord
Who came to the world to save you;
The one blessed way,
Which, if we obey,
Will lead us to his throne.

We hope in every land God lightens,
True, honest-hearted souls to find;
With such, the hope in Jesus brightens,
No tale of evil clouds their mind.
The gospel is sent;
Be faithful, repent;
Baptized, and the Lord will save you;
God's own blessed plan
Revealed unto man,
To lead him to his throne.

Such principles as these we cherish,
The laying on of hands with the rest;
For not one single word shall perish
From the law designed to make men blest.
For even the dead,

Our Master has said,
Shall rise by the power that saves us,
To meet us again,
In the gathering, when
We stand before his throne.

"WE COME WITH JOY"

Joy was proclaimed to the world at the Savior's birth and fitly accompanies the spread of the message he came to bring. This hymn has the gladsome tone in words and tune of real joy in imparting its teachings. It outlines the gospel plan, the hope in the saving work of the Lord Jesus, and the unchanging principles he taught, including the resurrection of the dead, and the gathering of all before the throne of God for the final judgment.

The direct address in the plain and cheerful statement of these principles with the frank and earnest desire for their acceptance must make an appeal to the honest in heart. But, though good seed may be sown, the evidence does not always reach the heart, and tales of evil may be among the hindering causes. The hymn is an excellent aid to introductory sermons and serves equally well as a stimulant to those who have tested the one blessed plan of revealed religion. It stirs such thoughts as these: Led by the Spirit of truth are we parting from all error? Will our lives attract others to "The one blessed way?"

THOMAS WOOD SMITH

Thomas Wood Smith, the son of Henry and Mary Ann Boyer Smith, was born March 7, 1838, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He attended school in this city for eight years and made rapid progress in his studies.

At the age of fifteen years he joined the Independent Christian Church and studied theology under the pastor. When nineteen years of age, he began to preach. He was an independent thinker and having concluded that baptism for the remission of sins was a doctrine of the Scriptures he persuaded a fellow pastor to baptize him.

On December 31, 1858, he was married to Helen Marr Pierce.

In 1861 he moved to Illinois where he continued his ministry, then later moved to Iowa. While in this state he was one of the organizers of the Iowa Association of the Church of God, for which he acted as secretary and state evangelist.

Elders Jason W. Briggs and I. L. Rogers heard him preach and believing him to be honest in his beliefs, Elder Briggs engaged him in conversation to acquaint him with the latter-day message of truth.

T. W. Smith testified that on March 13, 1866, he heard a voice above him say, "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ." The voice asked, "Have you received the Holy Ghost?" He answered he did not know the Holy Ghost was given in his time. The conversation continued and he learned it was necessary to be baptized by one having authority and that the Holy Ghost was given now as in olden times. He became convinced that Elder Briggs held the authority from God. On March 14, he was baptized and ordained an elder. The night before his baptism he preached as an evangelist of the Iowa Association of the Church of God and the night after as an elder of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. His wife was baptized soon after.

At the April Conference of 1873 he was ordained to the office of Seventy. In 1873 he was called by revelation to the office of Apostle in the Quorum of Twelve and was ordained April 10 at General Conference. Soon after he became secretary of this quorum.

His ministry led him to practically every state in the Union, and in 1884 he was sent to the Society Islands and thence to Australia. After helping with the work in Australia, he returned to the Society Islands where he remained until 1890. On his return to the States he labored in the Pacific Slope Mission and in Colorado. He then moved to Independence where he established his home. In 1891 he was placed in charge of the State of Missouri. During this year his wife died. She had been always a faithful helper to him in his ministry. She was the mother of four children, all of whom died in childhood.

In 1892 he was appointed to the Australian field. On his
S. of H.—6

way west he preached twice on Sunday, July 10, in Salt Lake City. After the evening service he was stricken with paralysis. Though he was able to be removed to his home in Independence he never fully recovered. On December 4, 1892, he was married to Mrs. Sarah Lookabill with whom he had corresponded prior to his affliction. She cared for him tenderly until his death, May 27, 1894. It was fitting he should spend his closing days in the city destined to become the Zion of his hopes, and "never was clearer evidence of reverence and affection shown by the Saints of Independence towards one of their number" than during his sickness and in the funeral obsequies. His pallbearers were chosen from the various quorums of the church.

Songs of Zion, a small edition of hymns and sacred songs, were published by T. W. Smith about the year 1875, and he was the author of eighteen hymns found in the *Saints' Harp*, some of which appeared later in the *Hymnals*. The best known of these are:

"Awake, Saints, Awake"
 "Shall We Gather Home to Zion"
 "Yes, We Feel the Clouds Are Breaking"
 "Glad Are We That Now the Gospel"
 "We Are Wandering Here as Strangers"
 "Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Heirs of Glory"

Beautiful River

Thomas W. Smith, 1838-1894

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

Shall we gather home to Zion;
 Will our wanderings soon be o'er?
 Shall we cease our tears and sighing;
 Shall we rest forevermore?
 Will Messiah come to save us
 From the power of the foe?
 Will he come, and will he have us
 His salvation fully know?

Refrain (for verses 1 and 2):
 Yes, we'll gather home to Zion,
 Our beautiful, our beautiful Zion!
 Gather with the Saints home to Zion,
 And be saved in the Kingdom of God.

Will he come as Judah's Lion;
Will the wicked he destroy?
Will he take us home to Zion,
Filling us with peace and joy?
Shall we live with him forever;
Shall we see him as he is?
Shall we from him part? No, never;
He will call each dear one his.

Shall we rest with our Redeemer
In the Paradise of God?
Let us walk with patience ever
In the path our Savior trod.
Let us be no longer sleeping,
For the day is near at hand;
Let us each our watch be keeping,
As a firm, united band.

Refrain (for verse 3):
Then we'll dwell with Saints in Zion,
Our beautiful, our beautiful Zion!
Happy with the Saints home in Zion,
And rejoice in the kingdom of God.

"SHALL WE GATHER HOME TO ZION"

One of the most valiant witnesses for the restored gospel was Thomas W. Smith, and prominent in his prose and poetic writings in the *Saints' Herald* were his belief and hope in the gathering of the Saints, the building of Zion, and the coming of the Savior. The Saints had been driven from Independence before his birth. By the time he became an advocate of the truth for which they suffered, persecution had died away and in the course of a few years scattered members of the Reorganization had bought homes in the surrounding country.

The word of the Lord given to Joseph, the Martyr, was positive: "Zion shall not be moved out of her place," and T. W. Smith was firm in his conviction of the truth of this word.

In a poem printed in the *Herald* for May 1, 1874, he wrote:

I am waiting, weary waiting,
Like an exile from his home;
For the glory of fair Zion,
And her triumph sure to come.

In June of the same year the following appeared in a poem by I. L. Bishop:

A whisper from that holy land
Oft in our sleep we hear
It bids our aching hearts rejoice
To think we're welcome there.

Even in their dreams they were longing for fair Zion. It would have been cheering to those who suffered mob violence in the early part of the century and to those in the years that followed who looked longingly Zionward if they could have viewed the scene in Independence at the 1930 Centennial Conference. With a local membership of 5,800 the Conference brought 10,000 visiting Saints. These visitors were greeted by citizens at the railway stations and over the entrance to every store an inscription was bidding them "Welcome to Independence." Also the Kansas City *Star* carried in large letters a like assurance of welcome.

But the change had come gradually, in accordance with a vision shown to Alexander H. Smith, who with his family were early residents of the place. He questioned how the gathering would occur, and he saw a pail full of water into which a small stream of sand was pouring through a white hand held above it. Imperceptibly the water vanished and the pail was filled with sand.

In the *Herald* for January 15, 1877, President Joseph Smith expressed as his view in regard to settling in Missouri "that we can safely inhabit the regions round about." He advised, however, that only those who felt they could live at peace with their neighbors should go there, and that no complaint should be made about the ill treatment of the past. To this he appended the legal opinion of two well-informed Missouri lawyers who wrote that under the constitution of the state perfect equality was guaranteed to people of all religious faiths. They added the assurance that with a few possible exceptions the attitude of the people was such that "any and all persons of any religious sect whatever who propose to bring into our state either labor or capital, or both, are warmly welcomed with outstretched arms

and gladly encouraged." This communication was secured by the efforts of T. W. Smith.

Quietly the Saints took up residence in and around Independence, gaining a reputation as good, honest citizens, their number increasing until with a branch numbering 175 they built the Brick Church on East Lexington Street in 1879. By 1887 they had outgrown this place of meeting, and the building of the Stone Church was begun. In 1916 Independence was made a stake of Zion and in 1920 was organized as Zion, the center place. The Centennial Conference of 1930 was held in the vast Auditorium which was started in 1926. Ten congregations of Saints now hold services in Independence which has grown to be a city with a population of about 17,000,—of this number 6,200 being Latter Day Saints.

Another stanza of the poem by T. W. Smith reads,

But the pure alone are Zion:
They alone can hope to stand.
In the hour of tribulation
That shall come on every hand
For the righteous must be chastened,
Must be tried and purified
And the covenants and commandments,
In the word of God abide.

THE TUNE

Robert Lowry, D. D., composer of the hymn tune, "Beautiful River," to which are set the words of "Shall We Gather Home to Zion," was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1826. He was educated at Lewisburg University. He was ordained a Baptist minister and had charge of congregations in New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey. He was a faithful and successful minister but is more widely known as a composer of sacred music.

"Beautiful River" was first used with the song, "Shall We Gather at the River?" of which he composed both the words and the music. The tunes of "I Need Thee Every Hour" and "Marching to Zion" are two of his compositions most frequently used. Doctor Lowry has been associated with several of the

most popular Sunday school hymnbooks published in the United States. He died November 25, 1899.

Autumn

Thomas W. Smith, 1838-1894

Francois H. Barthelemon, 1741-1808

Yes, we feel the clouds are breaking,
And the light begins to shine;
Fear is now our hearts forsaking,
Leaving there a joy divine.
Praise the Lord! He ever hears us
When we come with contrite heart;
When we feel that he is near us,
Grief and sadness soon depart.

Though the clouds were thick around us,
And our souls were sore depressed;
Yet the Lord in meekness found us,
And forgave when we confessed.
Now the gentle, wooing Spirit
Wins our love from earth away;
Gently whispers Saints, oh, hear it,
"Soon will dawn eternal day."

"YES, WE FEEL THE CLOUDS ARE BREAKING"

In his anxiety for the establishing of Zion and for the progress of the Reorganization, the author of the hymn, "Yes, We Feel the Clouds Are Breaking," may have felt something of the heaviness holding over from "the dark and cloudy day." But with the increase in numbers, the multiplying of blessings, and the opening of opportunities for the Saints in Independence, the clouds seemed to be breaking, the sun shining through.

Whatever the cause for fear may have been then or may be now, when dispelled by the Holy Spirit there is left a joy divine. Blessings are promised to the contrite in spirit. It is in this state of penitence, recognizing our human weakness and realizing the divine perfection that the way is opened for the Lord to hear, and to let us feel that he is near. Then the shadows of grief and sadness are lifted.

When by confession in meekness, forgiveness has come and the clouds have been cleared away, this hymn may give expression to the feelings of many hearts in many circumstances.

When the Lord found him, holding a position of honor with another body of believers, T. W. Smith gave evidence of meekness by following in the way pointed out and by receiving baptism and ordination at the hands of those whom he accepted as holding authority from God.

When we listen for the voice of the gentle, inviting Spirit it will win us from fixing our love upon the things of earth. By making the best use of our powers in this life, seeking "to build up the kingdom of God and to establish his righteousness," we shall be prepared for the eternal day. "The gift of God is eternal life" and the Holy Spirit is "the earnest of our inheritance." Jesus said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven . . . for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If we take His Spirit for our guide we shall be rich toward God.

THE TUNE

Francois Hippolyte Barthelemon, one of the most eminent violinists of his time and a composer of note, was born July 12, 1741, and died at London, July 20, 1808. Barthelemon entered the army but was persuaded by a friend to resign and make music his profession. Settling in London he became a brilliant violinist and composed much music for the theater but very little for the church. His last years were filled with misfortune, and he died a brokenhearted man.

MARK HILL FORSCUTT

Mark Hill Forscutt, a prolific writer of hymns and hymn tunes, was born June 19, 1834, at Bath, England. At a very early age he became interested in the gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints, and when nineteen years of age he united with that church. Because of this choice he was disowned by his family. From this time until his death he was a minister, and he was one of the most able and scholarly representatives of the church.

On March 25, 1860, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Unsworth, and on their wedding day they left England for America. They were among the pioneers who crossed the plains on foot from Omaha, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, Utah. On their arrival at Salt Lake City, Mark Forscutt was made private secretary to Brigham Young, a position he held for four years. During this time he learned the church was dominated by Brigham Young and was teaching fallacies not sanctioned by the original church. He and his wife withdrew from it and finally were driven from the state by followers of Brigham Young. With his wife and two little girls he was forced to flee into Nevada, where he joined the 5th California Cavalry of the United States Army. His daughters are now Mrs. Amy Parr of Kansas City, Missouri, and Mrs. Ruby Faunce of Nebraska City, Nebraska. One son, now deceased, was born later. In December, 1864, Mark Forscutt came to a knowledge of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Here he found the faith he had first loved, and he united with the church, January 1, 1865.

In the Reorganization he gave himself without reserve to his life work of preaching the gospel. In 1868 Elder Forscutt was ordained a high priest. Returning from the West in 1869, he became Assistant Editor of the *Saints' Herald* at Plano, Illinois, and occupied this position until he resigned to go on a mission to Europe in 1871. While connected with the *Herald*, he assisted with the children's paper, *Zion's Hope*. He returned from Europe in 1873. In 1875 the famous Forscutt-Shinn debate took place. In June, 1879, he preached a memorial sermon at Plano, Illinois, for Mrs. Emma Smith Bidamon, the noble mother of his associate, Joseph Smith. In that same year he organized the first branch of the church in Chicago, Illinois.

Mark Forscutt died October 18, 1905, at Nebraska City, Nebraska. The funeral services were held at Memorial Hall in that city where hundreds who had known and respected him were in attendance. The services were conducted by Joseph Smith, who paid a glowing tribute to the fine character, the integrity, and ripe scholarship of the departed one. He made mention of many incidents in his personal history showing him as a

fearless advocate of right, even to the extreme of imperiling his life. Prior to his death, Elder Forscutt was permitted to have a view of his heavenly home in which he saw his wife who had preceded him by just thirty days. He said the sight and knowledge conveyed to him were beyond the powers of language fittingly to describe.

"Uncle Mark," as the Saints delighted to call him, was certainly the most able and honored musician of the church in his time. When in attendance at the General Conferences and reunions, nearly always he was chosen chorister, and he did much to educate the people in congregational singing. He served on the *Saints' Harp* committee and was Editor of the *Saints' Harmony*, the compiling committee for this work being Joseph Smith, Mark H. Forscutt, David H. Smith, and Norman W. Smith. The *Harmony* was published in 1889. In the editor's preface Elder Forscutt said, that having been impressed with the conviction many years before that this duty would ultimately be his, he had made quite extensive preparation for it before the call was made. He was the composer of eighty-eight hymns and twenty-four tunes contained in this book.

Emerald

Richard Kimpenfelt, 1718-1782

Mark Hill Forscutt, 1834-1903

Burst ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian!
Lo! we lift our longing eyes!
Break the intervening skies,
Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Ope the gates of Paradise;
Ope the gates of Paradise.

Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;

Angels' trumps resound his fame;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name,
 Heaven reverberates the theme;
 Heaven reverberates the theme.

Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, me-thinks, to seize us;
 Join we too the holy lays,
 "Jesus! Blessed Jesus!"
 Sweetest sound in Seraphs' song;
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue;
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 "Jesus! Jesus! Holy One!
 Jesus! Jesus! Holy One!"

"BURST YE EMERALD GATES"

The author of the words, "Burst Ye Emerald Gates," Richard Kimpenfelt, was of Swedish descent. He was born October, 1718. In 1741 he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the British army. He became a captain and later an admiral in 1757. He was drowned in August, 1782.

Admiral Kimpenfelt was an admirer of Whitefield and the Wesleys, and he became much interested in evangelical work.

This hymn was first published in 1771.

THE TUNE

The music of "Emerald" is remarkably adapted to the ecstatic sentiment of the hymn which was a favorite with some of the prominent men of the Reorganization—Joseph Smith, Charles Derry, Joseph Luff, and others.

The force of the opening strains is followed by a soft flowing passage befitting the words, "Lo! we lift our longing eyes!" and "Sweetest sound in Seraphs' Song," increasing in volume with "Sweetest note on mortal tongue; Sweetest carol ever sung," to the culmination, "Jesus! Jesus! Holy One!" How these men did put their whole souls into the singing of these words! They could testify, as Brother Joseph did, with almost his last breath, "I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Norman

Henry V. Onderdonk, 1789-1858

Mark Hill Forscutt, 1834-1903

Blest be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty forever;
Ever be thy name adored.

Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness
Glory, victory are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven;
Over all thy boundless throne.

Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

"BLEST BE THOU, OH GOD OF ISRAEL"

Henry V. Onderdonk, D. D., was born in New York City, March 16, 1789. He was educated at Columbia College. He was rector of St. Ann's church for two years, then acted as assistant bishop of Philadelphia for nine years, and in 1836 he was put in full charge of the diocese. He died in Philadelphia in 1858. He rendered a great and useful service to hymnology as author and compiler. The hymn, "Blest Be Thou, Oh God of Israel" is found in a collection of hymns published by him in 1826.

The impressive and soul stirring words of this hymn give poetic utterance to the language of David in 1 Chronicles 29: 10-13. Enthroned in power and greatness so vast that our finite minds of themselves could never reach him, yet from the immensity of his universe, the God of Israel extends to us his love, and we find in him the means of our prosperity, the source of all our strength. Then, feeling the depth of meaning in these lines from another hymn,

Oh Thou in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,

we can join with David in the closing thought of this Scripture, "Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."

THE TUNE

In one of Mark Forscutt's pastorates his room adjoined the church. After church one evening as he sat reading, all at once the church organ sounded. He opened his door and stood listening. He thought the sister with whom he was staying must be playing there, and admiring the harmony he walked into the hall where he met the sister who said she thought it was he who was playing. By this time the organ stopped, and they went back to their rooms. Soon the strains came as before. This time Elder Forscutt went to the church and found it in darkness. As the music stopped he turned on the lights but found no one there.

The angelic music had so impressed him that he wrote the melody as he had heard it. Later he named it, "Norman," his sister's married name and that of his co-laborer on hymnal committees, Norman W. Smith.

Sardis

Mark Hill Forscutt, 1834-1903 Arranged from Beethoven, 1770-1827

Heavenly Father, we adore thee!
At thy feet we humbly bow,
Met to worship, Lord, before thee;
Grant us each a blessing now.

Thou art gracious, Lord; forgive us
Every wrong that we have done;
Let no spirit false deceive us,
Bid thy Spirit make us one.

In the name of Christ, our Savior,
Draw our minds from worldly care;
Grant us each thy special favor,
Hear our earnest, fervent prayer.

Few in number, yet delighting
In the truth which makes us free;
May that truth, our hearts uniting,
Help us each to trust in thee.

Deign to hear our invitation,
"By thy Spirit with us meet;"
Let the prayer of inspiration
Be with all our wants replete.

"HEAVENLY FATHER, WE ADORE THEE"

The hymn, "Heavenly Father, We Adore Thee" provides an earnest, fervent prayer for the humble followers of Him who said, "Be ye one," and at another time, "The truth shall make you free."

The experiences of Elder Forscutt in resisting evil prepared him to leave us the prayer, "Let no spirit false deceive us," and accustomed as he was in the early days of the Reorganization to small groups of believing ones, he could voice for those similarly placed the comforting thought, "Few in numbers, yet delighting in the truth that makes us free." In this attitude, with the prayer for forgiveness of wrongs and the pleading that each might be blessed and all be as one, the way would be open for "the prayer of inspiration" that would "be with all our wants replete."

THE TUNE

The tune, "Sardis," is arranged from a sonata by the great Ludwig Von Beethoven, who was born December 16, 1770, at Bonn, Germany. He died in Vienna, Austria, March 26, 1827.

He became totally deaf soon after his fortieth year, but in spite of this dreadful handicap he continued writing sublime strains that only his soul could hear.

His more famous works are his oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," the opera, "Fidelio," and his nine symphonies.

Precious Name

Mark Hill Forscutt, 1834-1903 William Howard Doane, 1831-1915

Bow, ye mortals, bow before him,
Bow and keep his sacred word;
Bow in reverence and adore him,
Bow, confess your Savior-Lord.

Refrain:

Precious name,
Oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name,
Oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Bow, ye angels, chant his praises,
Strike your lyres with one accord,
While each voice melodious raises
Paeans unto Christ, the Lord.

Men and angels, seraphs joining,
In one grand harmonious chord,
Voice and instrument combining,
All confess that Christ is Lord.

"PRECIOUS NAME"

This hymn of adoration calling upon heaven and earth to join in praise of Christ the Lord takes the place of the stanzas by W. H. Doane beginning "Take the name of Jesus with you," while retaining the music and chorus by this author.

THE TUNE

William Howard Doane was born in Preston, Connecticut, February 3, 1831. He was an inventor and manufacturer, but his interest in hymn worship and in Sunday school and church work never abated. He is well known as a trainer of choirs and composer of some of the best modern devotional tunes. He died in 1915 at his home in Cincinnati.

Manoah

Mark Hill Forscutt, 1834-1903 From Henry Wellingtons, Greatorex's Collection, 1851

Met in thy sacred name, O Lord,
To worship thee below,
Grant that each soul with joy may thrill,
With love each bosom glow.

In festive scenes, 'mid giddy throngs
Of those whom sins delight
We would not mingle, but would walk
In truth's free saving light.

Thy cheering promise, Lord, we wait,
"Wherever two or three
Shall in my name together meet,
There will I deign to be."

Inspire our praise, direct our prayer,
Thy Spirit fill each heart;
Clothe thou with power the preacher's tongue,
To all thy grace impart.

"MET IN THY SACRED NAME O LORD"

This hymn, for many years a favorite, breathes a spirit that draws us apart from "festive scenes, 'mid giddy throngs," to find joy in "truth's free saving light." What heart is not thrilled by the cheering promise, "Wherever two or three shall in my name together meet, there will I deign to be"! Who does not need to share in the supplication "To all thy grace impart"!

The prayer, "Clothe Thou with power the preacher's tongue," may be equally appropriate in a meeting when used just preceding a sermon or in a prayer meeting, for what band of earnest Saints in prayer meeting assembled does not uphold before the throne of grace those who stand to proclaim "the Word"?

CHARLES DERRY

Charles Derry was born in Staffordshire, England, July 25, 1826, seven months after the death of his father. His early life was spent in poverty, and in his youth he was bound out to a master who treated him harshly. He united with the Free Will Baptists in his seventeenth year, but in 1847 he found joy in the Restored Gospel. He was baptized, ordained, and sent out to preach, and he labored faithfully with blessings attending. In 1854 with his wife and two children he left his native land to go to Utah.

Before they reached Salt Lake City his wife died. In sorrow and in great anxiety for his children he entered the land where he expected to find zionic conditions, only to be robbed of the sustaining influence of his religion, because of the corrupt teaching and practices he found in the Brighamite church. From these he turned with loathing, feeling the anchor to his soul was torn away. He was fortunate in finding a wife who was a faithful mother to his children and a true helper to him throughout his long life. She preceded him in death by only four years.

In 1859 he left Utah and went to Nebraska. In 1861 he learned of the Reorganization, and receiving the witness of the Spirit that this was the true church, with renewed faith he re-dedicated himself to the service of God. He walked miles through deep snow to interview W. W. Blair and E. C. Briggs. On March 3, 1861, he was baptized and on August 31, 1861, he was ordained a Seventy. On December 6, 1862, he started on a mission to England.

He carried the gospel to his mother who at that time told him she had dedicated him to the service of God when he was three weeks old. He baptized the first person uniting with the Reorganization in England. He was alone in the mission for some months and was hungry for news from home. Having no money he pawned his overcoat to get from the post office four *Heralds* on which postage was due. A little later Jason W. Briggs and J. Jeremiah, who arrived from America in May, 1863, each paid half of the amount necessary to redeem his over-

coat. He labored in various parts of Great Britain, persevering in the face of discouragement. He received little financial aid, often going supperless and many nights sleeping on a hard bench or a narrow sofa, still trusting God and expressing gratitude to his Heavenly Father and to all who ministered to him. He returned home in 1864 feeling that good had been accomplished.

His affectionate regard for his family, his longing for their society when absent from them and his faith in appealing to God for their welfare, as shown in his journal, reveal a most lovable nature.

In April, 1865, he was ordained an Apostle. In 1870 he resigned from this office and was appointed to the Quorum of High Priests, of which quorum he was made president in 1874. In 1901 he resigned from this position believing that younger men should take up the work. He served on the High Council from 1890 to 1902 when he was called to be an evangelical minister. He was under General Conference appointment until 1906.

More than ninety articles from his pen, including many poems, have appeared in the *Herald*. The first was in 1861, giving his reasons for leaving Utah. Two of the poems were written in his ninety-second year. The *Harp* and the *Hymnal* contain a number of his hymns.

The *Herald* editorial announcing his death which occurred July 16, 1921, included the following encoumium:

"His life closely approaches the human ideal of that of a Christian. He was humble, did not esteem himself above others. He was willing to labor wherever he could and whenever the church wished; yet whenever he felt the time had come when another should take his place or when he felt the work could be better done by another he gladly gave way. He not only felt no jealousy that younger men were taking his place, but he was anxious to see them do so, his great ideal being the good of the church."

While he was in England, W. W. Blair wrote him a letter of encouragement, saying, "Endure and succeed and your name will become a household word with all the righteous for generations to come."

The First Presidency of the church, answering the telegram which apprised them of his death, said, "As good a man as ever lived in any land or in any age has gone to a well-earned reward."

Arlington

Charles Derry, 1826-1921

Dr. Thomas A. Arne, 1710-1778

O Lord! Around thine altar now,
To supplicate thy grace,
As children we would humbly bow,
And seek our Father's face.

Hide not from us, our Father dear,
Thy gracious smiles, we pray;
But let thy love dispel our fear,
And draw us near to thee.

Let thy great light illumine our souls,
And guide our erring feet;
Thy Spirit o'er us hold control,
And keep us from deceit.

We know, O Lord, without thine aid
We little good can do;
But when our minds on thee are staid
Thou bringest us conquering through.

Then, gracious God, accept us now,
From thy great throne above;
Help each to pay his sacred vow,
And fill us with thy love.

"O LORD, AROUND THINE ALTAR NOW"

The name of Charles Derry is one lovingly revered by many people for the Christlike character of the man and for his long and valued service to the church.

He was dedicated to the service of God by his mother at his birth, and when he heard the Restored Gospel in England in his young manhood, he accepted joyfully and soon as an ordained minister he was carrying the message to others. No sacrifice was too great in exchange for the blessings he received.

But this was in a time when many were misled. With his devoted wife and two little children, he started on the long journey to Utah, thinking he was going to Zion where all would dwell in love and peace and where his children could be reared in righteousness.

The conditions he found there were the opposite of these. The religion in which he had had such confidence as the work of God he found was serving as a cloak for corruption and greed and false doctrine. Turning from these with loathing, his faith in God was shattered, and he entered upon a period of agonizing gloom. He was "without God and Christ in the world."

Leaving Utah he went to his brother's home in Fontanelle, Nebraska, and soon had his family established in a frame cottage at the edge of the town. One night a fearful storm arose, so terrible with wind and lightning and roaring thunder it seemed to him like the day of doom. As he looked outside, the whole country seemed ablaze. The lightning had set fire to the tall grass in the Elkhorn Valley, and the flames driven by the fury of the wind, were about to envelop the village and his cottage was one of the first they would strike. He had aroused his family and soon they were dressed and watching with him. He had determined to take them to the plowed garden to protect them as best he could when his little Alice Amelia, lifting an anxious face to him, said, "O Father, I hope the Lord will bless us." He answered, "Yes, darling, the Lord will bless us!"

At that instant the wind changed to another direction and they were saved. Though he thought he had turned to infidelity and had been teaching his family to follow, they were sure the power of God had been exerted in their behalf, and thus they found there was in their hearts a lingering spark of faith.

Soon after this a friend gave Charles Derry an 1860 copy of the *True Latter Day Saints' Herald*, and as he read of the reorganization of the church with young Joseph at its head the Holy Spirit bore witness that this was God's work and in it all that he had lost would be regained. He has said of this experience, "The old, glorious, God-given hope revived in my soul. The Eternal had again manifested his love to me and I knew his voice. Oh! how sweet it sounded to my soul. I returned home,

called my wife and children around me, confessed my sins to them and to my God, and asked their forgiveness and his. We all bowed with broken hearts and streaming eyes in prayer to God, and there and then I covenanted to love and serve him with all my heart if only he would direct my mind.

Our family altar was reared again and under the divine influence I penned the hymn beginning "O Lord, Around Thine Altar Now."

THE TUNE

Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, the creator of the good old tune, "Arlington," was born in London, England, in 1710, the son of an upholsterer. He studied at Eton, and though intended for the legal profession, he gave his whole mind to music. At the age of twenty-three he began writing operas. His music to "Rule Britania" established his reputation. In 1759 he received his degree of Music Doctor. Later in life he turned his attention to oratorios and other forms of sacred music. He was the first to introduce female voices in choir singing. He died March 5, 1778.

Schumann

Charles Derry, 1826-1921

Dr. Robert A. Schumann, 1810-1856

This is the day the Lord hath made,
A day most holy to his name,
Wherein our vows should all be paid,
And not a thought our hearts invade
That could create one blush of shame.

A day when we should strive to meet,
In meekness and humility,
Our Father at his mercy seat,
Confess our sins and him entreat
To pardon our iniquity.

A day when all his children dear
In love should meet around his throne
A gracious Father's voice to hear,
Each heart o'er-flowed with filial fear,
Making the Father's will his own.

"THIS IS THE DAY THE LORD HATH MADE"

The meditation of this hymn brings to mind the Scripture teaching about the Sabbath: "the day the Lord hath made, to preserve the faith of his children, to give them rest from week-day work and to help them keep themselves unspotted from the world."

In a revelation given in our time concerning the first day of the week, Sunday is called "the Lord's day," "my holy day." In this gospel dispensation we still keep one day in seven as a day of rest and worship.

To Israel, God said, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, . . . the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings. Blessed is the man . . . that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." Blessings are promised to such as will "turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable." Of all who would keep the Sabbath and take hold of his covenant he said, "I will make them joyful in my house of prayer." A higher form of happiness would take the place of the enjoyment that might follow from doing their own pleasure on his holy day.

What a purifying influence may attend this joy in the house of prayer, when in humility we meet our Father at His mercy seat, desiring to be free from aught that could bring a blush of shame, and entreating him to pardon our iniquity!

The hymn reminds us that God's children are dear to Him, and in His gracious care our love and filial fear may be combined to keep our hand from doing any evil and to make the Father's will our own.

THE TUNE

Robert Alexander Schumann was born June 8, 1810 at Zwickau, Saxony. He was one of the greatest German musicians of the nineteenth century. He is famous chiefly for his piano compositions and songs. He founded a choral society in Dresden, and for several years published a musical journal in Leipzig. Later he extended his work in Vienna and the Netherlands. He

died when only forty-six years of age at Endenich, near Bonn in Germany, July 29, 1856.

To this great musician we are indebted for two tunes in the new *Hymnal*, "Schumann" and "Canonbury."

Gratefulness

Charles Derry, 1826-1921

Mary A. Bradford, 1821-1902

Lord, may our hearts be tuned to sing
Thy great and everlasting praise,
Our hands a willing offering bring
To thee on this the chief of days.

Great God, thy goodness we adore,
Help us to sing thy boundless love,
Own thee as God forevermore,
And swell thy praise in realms above.

Our sacred vows we now renew,
Our lives afresh to thee devote;
Help us to keep each promise true,
And seek thy glory to promote.

"LORD, MAY OUR HEARTS BE TUNED"

Charles Derry, with an eye singled to the glory of God, as nearly as any man of whom we know, has given us a hymn in accordance with his own high ideals.

In his words we recognize our need of help to sing with the Spirit the boundless love of God; to renew our sacred vows, and keep each promise true; to remember the willing offering of our hands, grateful, as the tune suggests, for the opportunity to devote our lives afresh in seeking to promote the glory of God.

This hymn seems based upon the word of God in *Doctrine and Covenants* 59: 2, in which we read: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve Him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things. Thou shalt offer a sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness; even that of a

broken heart and a contrite spirit. And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; . . . nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days, and at all times; but remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations, and thy sacraments, unto the Most High."

Would there not be more willing offerings if we could sense God's recompense, as set forth in these lines?

"Give and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; blessed spirit, for it is the Spirit of God himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is heaven—love is God within you."

THE TUNE

Mary A. Bradford was born September 14, 1821, at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Later in life her home was in Providence, Rhode Island.

The branch of the church at Providence, and several others, were established mainly by the efforts of Elder Charles N. Brown, a man of high spiritual and other attainments. He was deeply devoted to the interests of the church and the welfare of the Saints.

Among his converts was Mary A. Bradford, a lady of refinement and of musical ability. She was baptized August 29, 1869, by Elder Brown and by him confirmed a member of the church.

She was teacher of both vocal and instrumental music and served as organist of the Providence branch for a number of years. She died May 2, 1902.

Her hymn tune which gives voice to the hymn, "Lord, May Our Hearts Be Tuned," seems well named, "Gratefulness." It moves in gently swelling waves of gratitude and praise in the worship of the Sabbath day.

Angels' Welcome

E. C. Henck

Mary A. Bradford, 1821-1902

Blest angels, we greet you with gladness,
 Ye dwellers of bright realms above,
 We'll banish all feelings of sadness,
 And list to your tidings of love;
 Our hearts rise in grateful devotion
 To God, for his wisdom and light;
 These gifts shall subdue all commotion,
 And make the earth peaceful and bright.

With souls over-flowing with kindness,
 Ye speed on your mission divine
 To mortals, now groping in blindness,
 To lead them to truth's holy shrine;
 Ye breathe of our Father in heaven,
 And whisper of infinite love,
 Ye tell of the care that is given,
 Thy tender compassion to prove.

Oh, we will love freedom forever,
 And guided by truth's holy light,
 We'll turn from her radiance never,
 Her glories so sparkling and bright.
 Oh, angels, we welcome you gladly,
 Ye messengers bright from on high,
 No more can our thoughts wander sadly,
 We feel that your love cannot die.

"ANGELS' WELCOME"

With a chorus of hosannas the Saints of the early church sang, "The angels are coming to visit the earth," and in the Re-organization we have this hymn of welcome, "Blest Angels, We Greet You With Gladness." Not of the fanciful angels pictured with wings is this hymn of welcome sung, but of men who had lived on the earth and who, in God's own time were sent as "messengers bright from on high."

The angel Moroni, who in his earth life had hidden the plates of the *Book of Mormon*, came to Joseph Smith to an-

nounce their coming forth with "the fullness of the everlasting gospel." Of this visit Joseph writes: "While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in the room which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor; he had on a loose robe of exquisite whiteness, I had ever seen; nor do I believe any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant; His hands were naked and his arms also a little above the wrist. His head and neck were also bare. So also were his feet naked as were his legs a little above the ankle. . . . His robe was open so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description; and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but the fear soon left me. He called me by name and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from God to me . . . and that God had a work for me to do."

This messenger appeared repeatedly to Joseph Smith and delivered to him the plates to be translated. A little later an angel appeared to three other men. They testified, "We declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true." Thus Joseph Smith was not left as the sole witness of the heavenly revealment.

Joseph Smith, the second president of the church, in an address at a General Conference in Lamoni related a conversation which he had had with his mother in his youth and in which he had said to her that he would be afraid to see an angel. She assured him that if an angel came to him it would be in blessing and any fear he might have would be taken away. He testified that since that time he had had many such visits. From some of these great blessing has extended to the church. The Father's

purpose is to guide men into all truth and to this end he employs both men and angels.

Not only to those at the head of God's work have such blessed ministrations come. Angels sang to shepherds at the Savior's birth; likewise the singing of angels has been heard by some of His people in these latter days. Angels have been seen by persons attending a preaching service; or, in a prayer meeting some eyes have been opened to behold a glorious visitant. In cases of illness angel hands have been laid on the head of the sufferer and recovery has followed; or, just before passing away some have seen an angel or maybe a company of angels.

Always they come on a mission divine; they "breathe of our Father in heaven and whisper of infinite love." There is radiance in their person and in their heaven-sent message. To turn from it is to walk in darkness. Abiding in this light we are not left to wander. We can trust in the love of God. It is made manifest in the gift of his Son and in the ministry of his angels. We know it can never die.

Of the author of this hymn we have been unable to secure any information. The words appeared in the *Saints' Harp*, also in the *Harmony* with music by Mary A. Bradford, and it has been included in each of our later hymnals. We have found it in no other collection, and it seems distinctive of the faith of the church holding the Restored Gospel. Surely it breathes a spirit so forceful that one cannot but believe the author himself had reason to rejoice because of their visitations.

THE TUNE

(See biography of Mary A. Bradford.)

In the Light

Carrie A. Thomas, 1839-1883

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

'Tis a glorious thing to be,
In the light, in the light
Which the Saints of old did see,
The true light of God;
Revelations' holy light,
Is the light, is the light,
And all else is dark as night,
Save this light of God.

Refrain:

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

Long the earth in darkness lay,
Without light, without light,
But the darkness fled away
Before the light of God.
God has spoken from on high
This, the light, this, the light,
And now bids the world come nigh,
To this light of God.

Prophets are restored again,
In the light, in the light,
And the gospel gifts to men,
In the light of God;
Blessings to the ancients given,
In the light, in the light,
Are again received from heaven,
In the light of God.

Let us keep our spirits pure,
In the light, in the light,
And unto the end endure,
In the light of God;
Then when Jesus comes again,
In the light, in the light,
We shall live and with him reign,
In the light of God.

"'TIS A GLORIOUS THING TO BE"

Carrie A. (Church) Thomas, the author of this hymn, was one of a family who, learning of the restored gospel soon after the death of Joseph Smith, held the faith through "the dark cloudy day," but had no contact with those of like faith until twenty-two years had passed away.

With their introduction to the work, the *Book of Mormon* had been received by this earnest Christian family, and Carrie read and reread it from her childhood on. Becoming very familiar with its teachings and with those of the Bible, she was ardent in her devotion to the gospel message.

As she came into young womanhood the family moved from Ohio to Illinois, and here she had the companionship of the young man she was to marry. He, too, was religiously inclined and she made clear to him the truth of the gospel as she understood it. In this as in other interests the two young people were united. Both were preparing for the teaching profession and later both became successful teachers.

As the eldest in the family whose mother was delicate in health, much of the care of the home devolved upon Carrie. Her parents relied upon her implicitly, and in her loving devotion to her younger sister and two brothers she seemed more like a mother than a sister.

Another move took the family to the woods of southwestern Michigan and here Carrie Church became the wife of Orlin B. Thomas, who afterward was an active missionary in the church. But at this time the little group of believers, shut away from the world, knew not what would become of the church. They trusted the Lord for the outcome, faithfully continuing family worship and weekly prayer service, at which they sang the songs of Zion.

At length, in 1867, they learned of the Reorganization, and wrote Joseph Smith at Plano, asking that an elder be sent to baptize them. They were filled with joy at the coming of E. C. Briggs, who baptized and confirmed them and ordained "Father Church" to act as pastor of the little branch.

The new home of the young people was a cabin of neatly hewn logs a short distance from the frame house owned by the

parents. Alike in the beauty of spotless order and the beauty of holiness dwelling within, the two households now moved in added peace and joy. Their hopes had been fulfilled in their union with the church and a year had passed in the enjoyment of promised blessings. For more than two years a little son had filled the cabin with happiness. Now the mother was expectant again and like the Mother of Jesus, her soul did "magnify the Lord." Her time was at hand and everything was in readiness. Lifting her heart to the Father above she felt an outpouring of His Spirit and this influence was with her the whole day through.

As she moved about the house she began singing "'Tis a glorious thing to be, In the light, In the light," verses taking form as they fitted to the tune. Then she seated herself and wrote the hymn of five stanzas, of which we have only four. Her thoughts had often found expression in verse and her gift this time was to bring blessing to unnumbered souls.

Just twelve hours later twin baby girls were laid in her arms and her heart overflowed with love and gratitude. Under the blessing of God she made rapid recovery and to the end of her days she was valiant in testimony, in song, and in prayer. Many thousands have joined in the exultation of this hymn, and hearts have melted in humble aspiration while singing "Let us keep our spirits pure, And unto the end endure, In the Light of God."

THE TUNE

William Batchelder Bradbury was born at Gorham, Maine, in 1816. His father was a choir leader and William's love of music was inherited. Leaving his father's farm he went to Boston where he first heard a church organ. He became a pupil of Dr. Lowell Mason and was encouraged by him and by others to follow music as a profession.

Going abroad he studied at Leipzig. Soon after his return, he became known as a composer of sacred tunes. He died in Montclair, New Jersey, in 1868.

Eleven tunes in our *Hymnal* are accredited to him. His compositions accompany some of our most popular hymns. Of this number are, "In The Light," "He Leadeth Me," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Olive's Brow," and "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord."

Zion

Harvey S. Dille, 1826-(?)

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

Book of Mormon, hid for ages
 On Cumorah's lonely hill,
 Written by those ancient sages
 Whom Jehovah taught his will;
 Glad we hail it,
 Fullness of the gospel still!
 Glad we hail it,
 Fullness of the gospel still!

Hail this record, Saints in Zion,
 Hidden by Moroni's hand.
 Till the God our souls rely on
 Unto Joseph gave command
 To translate it,
 Send it forth to every land.
 To translate it,
 Send it forth to every land.

Hail the glorious light of Nephi,
 Hail the truths that Alma taught;
 We will trust in God like Lehi,
 Seek the Lord as Mormon sought;
 Like Moroni,
 Buy the truth and sell it not;
 Like Moroni,
 Buy the truth and sell it not.

Israel, gather round this standard,
 Laman, see thy guiding star,
 Judah, rally round thy banner,
 Come, ye gentiles from afar;
 Book of Mormon,
 It is truth's triumphal car!
 Book of Mormon,
 It is truth's triumphal car!

"BOOK OF MORMON"

The first periodical published by the church after it was reorganized was *The True Latter Day Saints' Herald*, started in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860, and removed to Plano, Illinois, in 1863.

In Plano there was gathered a small nucleus of Saints, and here from Nauvoo, Joseph Smith came with his family to reside in 1865, to facilitate his work as President of the church and editor of the *Herald*.

Harvey S. Dille, formerly of Michigan, became one of this little company of Saints when he was baptized at Plano in September, 1865. With his wife and daughter he made his home here and for a number of years he was an employee of the Herald Office. In December, 1865, he was ordained a priest and in April, 1866, he was ordained an elder.

After his ordination he was diligent in studying the church books, but during the following year, he became doubtful of the truthfulness of the *Book of Mormon*. This worried him. As an elder he was under obligations to present the faith of the church, and how could he offer to others something of which he himself had doubts?

In April, 1866, the General Conference had authorized the erection of a church building in Plano, as this was now the headquarters of the church. A band of sisters, organized the "Mite Society" which met regularly working to earn money for the building fund, or to lend a hand for any other church expense. But their thoughts were not entirely on material things. Sympathizing with Elder Dille in his perplexity and feeling assured concerning the claims of the *Book of Mormon*, they held a season of prayer that God would give to him a testimony concerning this book.

He received the testimony, and under the inspiration of the Spirit by which it came he wrote the hymn, "Book of Mormon, Hid for Ages." There were six stanzas of this hymn printed in the *Herald* for September, 1867.

In Plano, as elsewhere in the church during many years, an afternoon prayer and testimony service was held each Sunday. In this meeting of the week following the writing of the hymn, Elder Dille made glad the hearts of those assembled by relating the testimony he had received, and by singing the hymn he had been inspired to write. This hymn shows a comprehension of the purpose and teachings of the book and can still be sung with as much appreciation as when first included with the church

hymns in the *Harp*, published in 1871. Harvey S. Dille was the writer of several other hymns printed in the *Harp*.

THE TUNE

Dr. Thomas Hastings, composer of the tune which gives such fine expression to the stirring words of this hymn, was born at Washington, Connecticut, October 15, 1784. At an early age he developed a taste for music, and he began teaching it in 1806. Seeking a wider field in 1817 he went to Troy, New York, then to Albany, and in 1823 to Utica. In 1832 he assumed charge of several church choirs in New York City. There his last forty years were spent in great and increasing usefulness, and repute. He died May 15, 1872. His aim was the greater glory of God through better musical worship, and to this end he was always training church choirs, composing music, and compiling musical works. The tune "Zion" was first set to the words, "On the Mountain Top Appearing," which were written by the Reverend Thomas Kelley. (He wrote the tune "Toplady" in 1830. It is generally associated with "Rock of Ages," by Augustus M. Toplady.) Besides being a talented tone poet, Dr. Hastings wrote over six hundred hymns, and his musical collections number fifty-three.

JOSEPH LUFF

Joseph Luff was born in October, 1852 at Toronto, Canada. His father, John Luff, was born in Sussex, England, in 1818, and at an early age migrated to America. He died when Joseph was in his thirteenth year. His mother, Ann Garbutt Luff (later Devine), was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1831, and was brought to Canada by her parents when she was three years old. She was married to John Luff at the age of sixteen years. Love for his mother was a controlling power in Joseph's life, one that brought him to repentance after boyish escapades and held him loyal to her throughout her long life. Genuinely religious herself she rejoiced in his devotion to the cause of righteousness, at first in the Methodist Church of which she was a member and

later in the Latter Day work, which she afterward espoused, her son baptizing her.

Joseph was married to Miss Janet Parker May 23, 1873, at Toronto, and of her he said after seventeen years of gospel ministry, leaving to her most of the care of the six children welcomed to their home, "If I shall eventually be permitted to stand with her in the realm to which her patient worthiness entitles her I shall expect to find her credited with at least an equal share of whatever honor and glory may attach because of the fruit of my labor as a minister for Christ."

The autobiography of Elder Joseph Luff, published in 1894 and covering the first forty years of his life, is dedicated to his mother, "whose toiling fingers fed and whose prayers and tears enlisted heaven's grace to save her wayward boy," and to his wife, "whose patient toil and cheerful sacrifice now frees my life for gospel service."

This service began early after his entry into the church in 1876. He was ordained an elder in August, 1876, and soon was in the field. He labored first in Canada and then in Illinois, where for a time he helped in the Herald Office at Plano, the printing business having been his chosen work as a young man. Later under appointment of General Conference he served in the Utah mission, in the Eastern mission, in Michigan, and in others of the Middle West states. Four times Utah was made his mission field, and the last time, from excessive work in preaching, studying, and editing the *Saints' Advocate* his health gave way and late in 1886 he was obliged to return to his home, which since October, 1879 had been at Independence, Missouri. Here as he gained strength he served locally in various ways besides acting as branch and district president. Later appointments made him a member of the Board of Publication and corresponding editor of the *Saints' Herald*.

Early in his ministry during a time of severe trial the voice of the Spirit told him, "You shall yet stand in the Quorum of the Twelve." In 1887 at Kirtland by revelation through President Joseph Smith he was called and ordained to that office.

Over forty years have been added to this consecrated life since the close of the record from which these items have been

gleaned. Much of development and of service have been crowded into them. Other missions followed and a medical course secured for him the title of M. D. Elder Luff served for some years as Church Physician thus ministering to the bodies, as well as to the souls of men. Many could tell of his sympathy and of his generosity.

As editor for some years of *Zion's Ensign*, Dr. Luff became still more widely known to the people of the church and to other readers of this missionary paper. He is the author of the book, *The Old Jerusalem Gospel*, which is a convincing presentation of the primitive Christian faith and its restoration in our day. Many poems have issued from his pen, his eightieth birthday having been commemorated by a poem published in the *Saints' Herald* of December 14, 1932. This poem shows that the light of the gospel is undimmed in his soul, as does also one printed a little later entitled "Love's Response." This is in the nature of an answer by the Spirit to the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." A leaflet, "Songs, by the Spirit," contains four hymns sung by Elder Luff at prayer services in the Stone Church at Independence.

My Redeemer

Joseph Luff, 1852-

James McGranahan

Oh my people, saith the Spirit,
Hear the word of God today;
Be not slothful, but obedient;
"Tis the world's momentous day!
Unto honor I have called you—
Honor great as angels know;
Heed ye, then, a Father's counsel,
And by deeds your purpose show.

Time is ripe! My work must hasten!
Whoso will may bide the hour.
Naught can harm whom God protecteth—
Elements confess his power.
Up ye, then, to the high places
I have bid you occupy!
Peril waits upon the heedless!
Grace upon the souls who try.

Love ye me and love all people—
Love as I have loved you;
This your calling—this my purpose—
Thus be my disciples true.
Then in this exalted station
Your companion I will be;
Every promise of my Scriptures
Will be verified in thee.

Get ye up, then, to your mountain!
Zion of this closing day!
For the glory of my coming
Waits to break upon your way.
Forth from thence your testimony
Shall to trembling nations go
And the world confess that with you
God has residence below.

"ADMONITION"

We have here four stanzas of the seven of "Admonition," a song given by the Spirit through Elder Joseph Luff. This hymn attended by "the Spirit that searcheth the heart" has been sung with deep feeling by Saints the world over.

The warning in the hymn seems summed up in the line, "Peril waits upon the heedless," but oh the comfort in the words that follow, "Grace upon the souls who try." His grace will be sufficient if we try, and in Elder Luff's own words, "The sweetest retrospect we can have is in the assurance that we have tried to be His disciples—to walk in His steps."

THE TUNE

This hymn is sung to the tune of "My Redeemer" by James McGranahan.

The Angel Message

James L. Edwards, 1829-1889

Henry R. Mills, 1844-1933

I have found the glorious gospel that was taught in former years,
With its gifts and blessings all so full and free;
And my soul is thrilled with gladness, and banished are my fears,
Since the precious angel message came to me.

Refrain:

Then praise the Lord, O my soul!
Abundant mercy, oh, how free!
In joyful song my spirit doth accord,
Since the precious angel message came to me.

I wandered long in darkness, yet sought the narrow way,
And my life was like the surging of the sea;
But now I am rejoicing in this the latter day,
Since the precious angel message came to me.

My once blind eyes are open, my sins are washed away,
And the kingdom I can very plainly see;
No more do fears and doubtings my trusting soul dismay,
Since the precious angel message came to me.

Now for celestial glory, in the presence of the Lord,
I will work and watch and humbly bow the knee;
No longer faith, but knowledge, in true and sweet accord,
Has the precious angel message brought to me.

"I HAVE FOUND THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL"

A number of years before the writing of this hymn Mrs. James L. Edwards upon arising one morning asked her husband the meaning of the word "Eureka." He answered, "It means, 'I have found.'" Then she related a dream in which she saw her husband and herself in a company of Saints seated as for Sunday school. His face beaming with happiness and a great measure of the Spirit, he placed an open hymnbook in her hand and said, "Sing, 'Eureka.' "

For a long time after this, James L. Edwards searched in vain every hymnbook within his reach for a hymn called "Eureka." Finally the dream was forgotten and after years he wrote, "The Angel Message," beginning "I have found," to the tune of "I have found a friend in Jesus." He sent the hymn as a simple piece of poetry to the *Herald*, noting the tune to which it could be sung.

Before mailing it he noticed the opening words and thought — "Eureka." He was reminded of the dream but had no idea his verses would ever find place in a hymnbook.

After two or three years, in a time of severe trial James L. Edwards received a letter from Charles L. Sessions in which he said: "I became acquainted with your name by reading your poem, 'The Angel Message.' I put a chorus to it and twice had copies of it printed for use in our meetings. It has thrilled the multitudes and will yet make the whole world ring. It is grand. Most of the Saints around here have become familiar with it and I have rejoiced in spirit many times because of having had it printed and put before the people of our conferences."

James Edwards said this letter was like an oasis in the desert. It brought cheer and strength and comfort to tide them over a season of gloom and depression. He received printed copies of the hymn from Charles L. Sessions and one of these he sent to Henry R. Mills in Independence, asking him to present it to the hymnal committee. He said, "Brother Mills kindly wrote the music for it, adding a chorus of his own arrangement for which I thank him in the name of all Saints throughout all coming time who may be comforted by the elevating and touching music of 'Eureka.' "

In the singing of this inspiring hymn multitudes since then have found expression for their joy over finding through the "Angel Message" the "pearl of great price." The hymn was too late for the 1895 *Hymnal*, and it was given place in *Zion's Praises* in 1903, as was indicated in Sister Edward's dream. We find it now in the 1930 *Hymnal*.

THE TUNE

James L. Edwards of Boston, Massachusetts, was familiar with "Pittsfield" and learning of Elder Mills as a composer of other hymn tunes he sent the poem "The Angel Message," to him in 1894, asking him to furnish the music for it.

Elder Mills entered heartily into the spirit of these verses as his composition for them attests, and he added a chorus with his own words. This hymn was published first in *Zion's Praises*, and later in the 1930 *Hymnal*. In the latter book an error in the chorus has been corrected, substituting the words "my spirit" for "thy spirit."

HENRY RICHARD MILLS

Henry Richard Mills was born October 9, 1844 near Kirtland, Ohio. His parents, Cornelius and Nancy Mills, united with the church in Kirtland in 1837, finding in common with many others great joy in the Restoration Movement. Disappointment came to them with the death of the martyrs, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and during the "dark and cloudy day" which followed the scattering of the church, they moved with their family to Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois, in 1852. Here Cornelius buried his wife in 1854 and here the Reorganization found him in 1863. He had been ordained an elder in Kirtland, and now he devoted his efforts to recalling the scattered Saints in his vicinity, holding meetings in a chapel he and his carpenter sons had built.

Knowing only the care of his father and older brother in the home after his tenth year, Henry Richard did some shifting for himself. He worked a while with his father at carpentering, served at times as a clerk, and after some other ventures, he started in 1868 the business in which he continued for more than fifty-nine years. His stock of merchandise consisted of books and stationery, art and fancy goods.

During the Civil War he enlisted in the Union Army but before being "mustered in" he was disabled by camp fever, and was returned to his home. However, he served as a member of "The Home Guard" and because of his skill in playing the flute he was chosen as fifer of this little band.

February 25, 1869, he married Barbara Emmett Hicks whose father was an elder in the Christian Church and a highly respected banker. Two sons were born to these young people while they were living in Pittsfield, Arthur Hicks Mills and Frank Westle Mills, and some years later at Independence, Missouri, one daughter, now Mrs. Mabel Mills Underwood.

In his youth Henry R. Mills had united with the Christian Church of which his wife was also a member. His business prospered and in their home and social life they were most happily situated. In the year 1875 Elder Mark H. Forscutt was holding preaching services in Pittsfield and out of deference to his father, Henry Mills casually attended one meeting, then becoming in-

terested, he investigated the claims of the church. To him they made the appeal of the "one blessed way," and he was baptized April 16, 1876, at the cost of business prospects and social standing,—for at that time and in that region (near Nauvoo and Carthage) prejudice against the church was very strong. Although not at first convinced of the truth of the message he had obeyed, his wife stood by him faithfully and the following year, willing to sacrifice as he had done, she united with the church.

September 6, 1884, Henry R. Mills was ordained an elder and became pastor of the little band of Saints from whom his father had been taken by death.

In 1884 reports of the spiritual enjoyment of Saints recently settled in Independence reached Mr. and Mrs. Mills. Ill health made a change of location desirable for them and soon the family home and his business were moved to this place.

Here his first activity in the church was as a leader of singing in the Sunday school. Later he served as superintendent of the Sunday school and for a number of years he was director of the church choir, his interest and culture in music having fitted him for such service.

On April 24, 1901 he was ordained to the office of high priest and was made a member of the Standing High Council of Independence Stake. He served also as a member of the church Board of Publication.

Under the musical influence of Elder Mark H. Forscutt, he became interested in writing tunes for some of the church hymns. Of those he wrote, "Evening Thoughts," "Barbara," and "Pittsfield" appeared in the *Harmony* and the early editions of the *Hymnal*.

Pittsfield

Joseph Woodward, 1846- (?)

Henry R. Mills, 1844-1933

God is marshaling his army
For the rescue of his truth,
He is calling now to battle
Both the aged and the youth.
You can hear his mighty summons
In the thunder of his word—
Let us then be valiant soldiers
In the army of the Lord!

Let the watchman in the tower
 Keep his post with sleepless eyes;
 Let the private out on picket
 Guard against the least surprise;
 To be ready at a word;
 For the order is forever,
 There must be no sleeping soldiers
 In the army of the Lord!

'Tis a war that calls for valor;
 'Tis a conflict with the world;
 There can be no furlough granted;
 Never must the flag be furled.
 We can never cease the conflict,
 Till the summons home be heard,
 We have all for life enlisted
 In the army of the Lord.

Let us not be weary, comrades!
 Let us faint not by the way!
 Though the night be long and dreary
 Soon will dawn millennium's day.
 Let us keep the campfires blazing,
 Let us sound abroad his word;
 There are glorious victories coming
 For the army of the Lord.

"GOD IS MARSHALING HIS ARMY"

The author of this hymn, Joseph Woodward, was born December 13, 1846 in Staffordshire, England. He was baptized October 13, 1867 at East Boston, Massachusetts by T. W. Smith, that valiant soldier of Christ, who was serving then as a Seventy, in the year following his own entry into the church.

Those were stirring times in the early years of the Reorganization and their spirit is reflected in this zeal-inspiring hymn that calls men to service in the army of the Lord. Not for a war of bloodshed, but for the rescue of the truth, God had started the marshaling of His Army, which he said should become very great. It has increased many fold since that time, but still it is far from being "very great" and the call is still as urgent to "the aged and the youth."

Deplorable as carnal warfare is, the figures drawn from it

are effective as applied to our spiritual warfare. The watchman in the tower and the private out on picket overlooking and guarding against surprise; from the highest to the lowest, each is responsible in his place and none must be asleep. Valor is needed in this conflict with the world. No furlough can be granted; the enlistment is for life; and always the banner of King Immanuel must be upheld.

At the end there will come the summons home, but until then no matter how long and dreary the night may be we must not grow weary nor faint by the way. What a fine suggestion is in the thought that we must keep the campfires blazing in the little groups, keeping alive the spirit and the message and helping to sound abroad His word! Then comes the encouragement,—the millennial day will dawn and there are glorious victories coming for the army of the Lord.

In *Doctrine and Covenants* 76: 6, the "Vision" tells of the different glories provided for us in the hereafter. In the second glory were some who were "not valiant in the testimony of Jesus." Those who may be accounted valiant soldiers will be valiant in this testimony, bearing witness by their lives that they are His followers, engaged in building up His kingdom. "Let us then be valiant soldiers in the army of the Lord."

We regret that we cannot give a fuller account of this author whose soul must have been fired with zeal in the Lord's work to make him capable of writing these words. The record tells us only that he was ordained an elder, July 17, 1870 at Fall River, Massachusetts, by J. W. Nichols and C. N. Brown.

THE TUNE

By special request of Elder Forscutt, Elder Henry Mills wrote the music for "God is Marshaling His Army," the tune "Pittsfield" resulting. These words had been sung to the same tune as that used with "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," and it was not until ten or fifteen years after it was published that "Pittsfield" became popular.

Henry R. Mills passed from this life during the night following his eighty-ninth birthday, October 8, 1933, leaving a record of unassuming usefulness and an enduring gift to his Master's cause in his music that lives after him.

ARTHUR HICKS MILLS

Arthur Hicks Mills, son of Henry R. and Barbara C. Mills, was born July 24, 1870, at Pittsfield, Illinois. He was baptized July 25, 1886, at Independence, Missouri, by Elder F. G. Pitt, then president of that branch of the church.

In the musical atmosphere of his home he developed talent early and at the age of fourteen years he was playing the organ for the church services in the old Brick Church which housed the Saints' congregation before the Stone Church was built.

Elder Mark H. Forscutt was a frequent visitor at Arthur's home and he usually carried with him the manuscripts from which, later, the *Saints' Harmony* was compiled. As musical editor of the church he was preparing this work for publication. Henry R. Mills had been enlisted by Elder Forscutt to compose some numbers for the new work and Arthur, too, had a desire to contribute to it. Pleased with the interest of the boy, Elder Forscutt gave him five lyrics for which to write the music. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the appearance of these five tunes in the published work and two of them were included in the *Saints' Hymnal* and now in the 1930 edition. These two are among the well loved and often used hymns for prayer meeting. They were named "Hicks" and "James" by Brother Forscutt. The five were written in the years 1887 and 1888. The *Harmony* was published in 1889.

Mrs. John A. Robinson was one of the first in Independence to secure a copy of the new music book and when she brought it to church the first Sunday it happened that Arthur H. Mills sat next to her. For the first time he saw his efforts in print and during the service he became so absorbed in the new book that he heard little or nothing of the sermon.

Arthur Mills has received three ordinations to priesthood authority in the church: first, in 1894, to the office of priest; then in 1913 as an elder; and in 1916 as a high priest and member of the Standing High Council of the Independence Stake. In addition to his services in musical functions, he has also served the church as president and pastor of four branches.

Arthur H. Mills was married to Maud Mae Lambert, daugh-

ter of the Apostle Joseph R. Lambert, in 1900, and they have two children, Arthur L. Mills, a high school teacher, and a daughter, Mrs. Donald Fletcher.

In 1895 Arthur H. Mills was a member of the Hymnal Committee with Ralph G. Smith and Lucy L. Ressegue. He taught piano four years at Graceland College and has continued his teaching of music for twelve years in Independence. He played the old reed organ in the Stone Church for about twelve years and the pipe organ for nearly seven years. He also played the organ at Central Church in Kansas City for two or three years. He now is devoting his time teaching piano and organ. Of his proficiency Sir Carl Busch, the eminent composer of Kansas City said, "Arthur Mills is one of the best equipped teachers of the theoretical subjects in music in this section of the country."

James

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

Arthur H. Mills, 1870-

How gentle God's command!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

His bounty will provide;
His Saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Will guard his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your Heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

"How GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS"

Philip Doddridge, author of the comforting words of this hymn, was born in London, England, June 26, 1702. The Duchess of Bedford offered him university training for ordination in the Church of England but he declined her offer. Instead, he entered Mr. Jennings' Non-Conformist Seminary at Kebworth.

In 1729 the settled work of his life in the ministry began with his appointment to the Castle Hill meetings at North Hampton and continued until in the last stages of consumption he sailed to Lisbon, where he died October 26, 1751.

His fame as a divine combined with his wide sympathies and gentle, unaffected goodness won for him the friendship and high esteem of such men as Watts, Wesley, and Whitefield.

THE TUNE

The tune "James" by Arthur H. Mills was written at Independence, Missouri, in 1888 and first appeared in the *Saints' Harmony* published in 1889.

WILLIAM LEWIS

William Lewis, the author of the hymns "One Hour With Jesus" and "Come Holy Spirit," came of a family associated with sacred music. His ancestors on his father's side for more than three hundred years lived on a little farm near Landovery, South Wales and there his father was born in 1822. David Lewis, a brother of William's grandfather, led the singing in one of the churches of the village for more than fifty years. Reese Roberts, brother to William's mother, led the singing for fifty years in Bryn Zion chapel of the Congregational Church in Dowlais, South Wales. He was a teacher and a composer of sacred music.

William Lewis, eldest son of David M. and Elizabeth Roberts Lewis, was born at Rhymney, near Dowlais-Top, November 23, 1847. His father and mother had become identified with the Latter Day work a few years before his birth, at a time when the spiritual condition of the church in Wales was very

good—"heaven on earth," as they afterward referred to it. His father held the office of elder and was active in the church work. A missionary from Utah asked Elder Lewis to preach in favor of polygamy. He replied he could not teach that which the law condemned. From that time William's parents had nothing more to do with that faction of the church. In May, 1856, they left Wales for the United States with their family of four children, and in July they arrived at Scranton, Pennsylvania, where David Lewis went to work in a coal mine.

In 1865 the family moved to Youngstown, Ohio, and soon after to Brookfield, a short distance away. At this mining camp there were several families of Saints and they were visited by elders of the Reorganization. Upon inquiry they learned the same blessings were with the church as they had enjoyed in Wales. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and a number of others were baptized and at the confirmation meeting their hopes were fully realized in the measure of the Spirit manifest.

William Lewis was baptized February 15, 1866. He hoped for the gift of prophecy when confirmed, but this was not given him. For a long time he sought the Lord for a testimony that he might be able to say as he heard others saying, "I know the work is of the Lord." After some months the testimony came. Of this experience he wrote:

"I had been praying, when suddenly, without any outward demonstration there came into my soul a heavenly influence such as I never had witnessed, and with it there came light and my understanding was quickened. From that time I have been able to say truthfully, 'Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.' "

Soon after this he was ordained a priest, and in 1867 he was ordained an elder and was chosen pastor of the Brookfield branch. In March, 1868, he was married to Mary Jones, eldest daughter of Robert and Martha Jones, and in 1870, with their one little son and five other families of Saints they moved west and settled on government land northwest of Columbus, Nebraska.

In December, 1875, the family moved to Stewartsville, Missouri. Here they were located on a farm, and he also devoted much time and attention to the church work. Many healings

and other blessings were received in Stewartsville branches during his stay there.

In October, 1886, the family was established in St. Joseph, Missouri, and this remained their home for nearly forty years.

In 1910 Elder Lewis was ordained a member of the Order of Evangelists. At that time there were few active patriarchs and his duties called him to various states and to Canada. His daughter Ruth accompanied him as his stenographer. His experiences in this office sometimes were marvelous. In conferring blessings he was very careful and prayerful that he might speak only in accordance with the will of God and he was blessed with wonderful liberty in the Spirit.

From 1910 to 1918 the family home was in Cameron, Missouri, his appointment being in the Far West Stake. He died March 29, 1919, leaving his wife, three daughters and four sons. During his illness he had many remarkable experiences. He predicted trouble coming upon the world and upon the church and that only those who held closely to "the rod of iron" would be able to endure.

One Hour With Jesus

William Lewis, 1847-1919

John L. Morgan, 1869-1913

One hour with Jesus, the Shepherd of the fold,
I esteem of more value than silver or gold;
The peaceful communion sent down from above,
Makes clear to my vision his mission of love.

The world and its folly, I bid them all adieu;
I find there no comfort that's lasting and true;
One hour with Jesus, that noble true friend,
Brings peace to my soul that will nevermore end.

One hour with Jesus, a grand feast to my soul;
His burdens are light and his yoke easily borne;
Though hardships and trials I may have to meet,
The Spirit bears witness the end will be sweet.

"ONE HOUR WITH JESUS"

In 1901 William Lewis, starting on his first mission to Wales with his wife and daughter Ruth, took passage on the Cunard liner, the *Campania*. When they were a few hours out, there arose a fierce storm which raged for several days. All on board except Elder Lewis gave up hope of reaching land. On the first night out he dreamed of reaching Cardiff in safety. He alone remained undisturbed throughout the storm and its distresses. It was during this storm that he wrote the first three stanzas of this hymn, "One Hour With Jesus." The fourth and fifth stanzas (not printed in the new *Hymnal*) were written after reaching Wales. These latter stanzas made reference to the storm. He sent the words of this hymn to his nephew, John L. Morgan, who was given by inspiration the tune with which they are now sung.

From that hour in the coal mine illumined by the Holy Spirit he had known the Savior as "the Shepherd of the Fold," man's "noble true friend," and that testimony he said was reaffirmed to him many times throughout the years. He chose not silver and gold but the service wherein he would have the peaceful communion that made clear to his vision Christ's mission of love. He had seen the contrast between the pleasures of the world and its folly and the comfort that is lasting and true. Though he carried many burdens and shared the trials of others while enduring his own, the gospel yoke made them easy to bear. We are told the Holy Spirit is the "earnest of our inheritance." If we feast in the presence of Jesus this Spirit bears witness "the end will be sweet."

Not only "where two or three are gathered together" in his name may his comforting presence be felt. In the midst of a frightful storm at sea this faithful follower of his Lord could write of the Christ and his mission, and upheld by his wonderful love could remain unshaken through the hours of danger that to others were most terrifying. To him was verified the assurance:

At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand so thy succor shall be.

THE TUNE

When John L. Morgan's uncle sent him the words of the poem "One Hour With Jesus," he wrote a tune for them, but it did not satisfy him. One evening he went for a walk alone and as he walked he prayed for inspiration to write music suited to the beautiful spirit of this hymn. Before he returned he had the tune in mind. When he had written it he called his family together and without telling them of his experience, he played and sang both tunes, having asked them to decide which was better. They made the choice of the latter tune. Then he told them how he had written it.

Come, Holy Spirit

William Lewis, 1847-1919

John L. Morgan, 1869-1913

Come, thou precious boon of heaven!
 Come and dwell within my soul,
 Come and tell me I'm forgiven,
 Come and claim me for thine own;

Refrain:
 Holy Spirit, Holy Spirit,
 Come and dwell within my soul!

Come and feed me; I am hungry!
 Come and quench my longing thirst,
 Come and help me; I am weary;
 Come for in thy strength I trust;

Come, abide within my temple!
 Come and make it fully thine,
 Come, that I, a living sample,
 May show forth thy ways in mine.

"COME, HOLY SPIRIT"

The longing to achieve the Christ character is voiced in the hymn "Come, Holy Spirit," and the indwelling Holy Spirit is recognized as the means to this end. It is the "Precious boon of heaven," because it makes possible final perfection and eternal happiness, beginning here and now.

After baptism for the remission of sins, in confirmation by the laying on of hands by one of God's ministry, the Holy Spirit is conferred as an abiding gift to those who will be faithful in His service. But there must be an effort to "retain the remission of sins." John says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," but "if we confess our sins, he (God) is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The author of this hymn in recounting his life experiences tells of more than one time when he felt the need of forgiveness for failing to follow the advice of the Holy Spirit. Thus the prayer, "Come and tell me I'm forgiven," applies not only when one is entering into the way of life, but it speaks of the sweet realization of pardon after any failure to heed its holy promptings.

There is blessing for those who can sing with the Spirit the words of the second verse, for Jesus said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled with the Holy Ghost." And to the weary who trust in his strength he said, "Come unto me, . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The third stanza reminds us of Paul's teaching: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? . . . The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. . . . Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them." We are in harmony with God's promise when we sing,

Come and dwell within my temple,
Come and make it fully thine.

As God's message to man was made flesh in the Christ, so from his human temples the light of His Spirit may shine if our lives conform to the prayer,

Come, that I, a living sample,
May show forth thy ways in mine.

The invitation, "Come and dwell within my soul," sincerely offered, would meet the condition and secure the promise in the

Scripture—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me."

JOHN LEWIS MORGAN

John Lewis Morgan was born February 14, 1869, in Brookfield, Ohio. He was the son of John J. and Elizabeth Lewis Morgan, his mother being a sister of William Lewis. His parents moved to Bevier, Missouri, when he was a small boy, and soon he began working in the mines.

His musical ability was manifest at a very early age. He delighted to play the organ before he could reach the pedals; so an older person would work them for him. At Bevier in his tenth year he began the study of music under F. D. Jones, an able instructor. At the age of fifteen he led a band and was composing some of his own music. After a few years he was leader of a band of twenty-two pieces at Cairo, Missouri. He continued to increase his knowledge of music, and later was a student under the celebrated Professor Carl Busch of Kansas City, who esteemed his capabilities of a high order and urged him to continue his studies in Europe. This he was unable to do.

For some years his home was in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he worked in the mines and gave music lessons. He also led the citizens' band. He composed the music that was sung at the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From Ottumwa he moved to Kebb and from there to Cleveland, Iowa. At Kebb he led two bands. One was composed of colored people with whom he worked hard but found it a great pleasure. After ten years' residence in Cleveland he moved to Hiteman, Iowa, where he lived for five years prior to his death which occurred September 15, 1913.

He was married in 1891 to Nellie Jones of Bevier, who like himself was of Welsh parentage, her father being J. D. Jones, known at the time as the "Bard Parod" (Ready Poet). Of the ten children born to this couple, seven are living, two sons and five daughters, and of these one son and two daughters

are married. Tess Morgan is now an instructor at Graceland College; Ann Morgan is teaching public school music; and Nellie Morgan is a trained nurse.

John L. Morgan was baptized when nine years of age. He was ordained to the office of priest, December 7, 1899 at Kebb, Iowa, and was active in his church service. He gave valuable aid in the musical work of the church. Also his services were frequently requested in music contests and for different gatherings of the Eisteddfod, a Welsh musical organization. He took interest in keeping up the united choir of Hiteman, especially when preparing for a contest. In his later years heart trouble made him unable to conduct a union choir—the strain was too much for him—but he gave all possible help to the leaders, and when he died every member felt he had lost a valuable friend. He had led the Hiteman band and the orchestra of the Saints' church and had given music lessons to many while living in this place.

His home life was a happy one and whenever possible he had his family with him. He was a favorite with his fellow workmen and always in conversation he had interested listeners. He gave attention to public questions and to anything affecting the welfare of the community in which he lived. He was beloved by many people irrespective of their faith.

Through all his life he wrote music. Many of his compositions had long been in use and others were ready for publication at the time of his death. He is the composer of three tunes in the new *Hymnal*, "One Hour With Jesus," that gives expression to this hymn by William Lewis, "A Calm and Gentle Quiet," that fitly accompanies the words by David H. Smith, and "Come, Holy Spirit," with words by William Lewis.

John Lewis Morgan's span of life was only forty-four years, but they were years well spent. He was a man of great faith and of spiritual understanding and of him it was said by one not of his belief, that he was a real peacemaker. That is a wonderful tribute to the gifted musician. For his music and for his life of goodness we have reason to hold him in grateful memory.

VIDA ELIZABETH SMITH

Vida Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Alexander Hale and Elizabeth Kendall Smith, was born January 16, 1865, at Nauvoo, Illinois. Her childhood was spent in Nauvoo, a part of the time in the home of her grandmother, Emma Smith Bidamon, for whom she had a great affection. Later she lived at home, during the time of the family residence in Independence, Missouri, on the farm in Harrison County, Missouri, and for a time after their home was established in Lamoni, Iowa.

She was married June 2, 1886, at Independence to Heman C. Smith, a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles and joint author with President Joseph Smith of the four volume history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was historian of the Reorganization for twenty-two years.

For a number of years they lived at San Bernardino, California and here their children were born, one son, Heman Hale, and three daughters, Vida Inez (Mrs. James Davis), Anna Earleita (Mrs. Evan E. Inslee), and Lois Elizabeth (Mrs. W. G. Badham), now deceased. Later they made their home in Lamoni where the children grew up and their mother gave valuable assistance in the work of the Sunday school. While serving thus as mother and teacher, in joyous appreciation of nature and of child-life as part of her religion she wrote "The Child of Galilee," and other songs for children for which the music was furnished by her cousin, Audentia Smith Anderson. As the writer of many beautiful poems and as the author of the *Young People's History of the Church* she is well known to Latter Day Saint readers. Her daughter Inez Smith Davis is the author of a later history *The Story of the Church*. She was a member of the Sunday School Song Book committee who prepared *Zion's Praises* for publication and author of the opening number in this collection, bearing the same title as the book, "Zion's Praises." Vida E. Smith served as dean of women at Graceland College during the years 1920-1925.

Zion's Praises

Vida E. Smith, 1865-

Audentia Anderson, 1873-

One day when fell the Spirit's whisper,
And touched with zeal the waiting throng,
Inspiring hope, it courage gave them
To cultivate the gift of song.
With skillful hands and sweeter voices,
The Master called for service glad;
He knew one heart that so rejoices
Brings good surpassing many sad.

Sweet fell the call for Zion's children—
What comfort in this last command
Who bear the burden of this service,
Who sing, should seek to understand.
Young men with voices strong yet tender,
And maids in clear sweet tones of youth,
Make this great gift a joy and blessing,
Give wings of song to words of truth.

To some, grown old with cares hard laden,
The message gleamed with sweeter truth,
They caught the wave of sweet rejoicing,
And sang with gladsomeness of youth.
Now harp and voice and sweet-toned organ
The best loved songs in worship raise,
That ours be counted joyful triumph,
The Spirit's gift, blest gift of praise.

"ZION'S PRAISES"

The story of this hymn is best told in the author's own words which were written for the *Autumn Leaves*.

This little song connects me with happy and beloved people and occasions. Looking back I see the little shady quiet town of Lamoni in its summer setting. Immediately memory locates me in the home of my cousin, Audentia Anderson. There are present besides Audentia, Brother F. G. Pitt, Sister Viola Blair, and Sister May White, then unmarried and living near to us in her father's home. For days following days we had been together thus, working on the new songbook for the young of the church. Those were lovely hours we spent thus, collecting and collating

music and words, always opening each session with prayer and departing with the spirit of melody and praise in the soul.

Every person on that committee was and still is in my opinion, outstanding in their love for things beautiful and true, and my own humble part in the experience brought to me something inspiring and enduring, in pure and gracious consideration of words and melodies and authors, such kindly thoughts of some who "through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease, still heard in their soul the music of wonderful melodies."

We had come at length to the arrangement of the numbers upon which we had agreed and had secured the right to publish. And selecting was a joy compared with securing the right to use the songs. So many beautiful musical compositions we found covered by impossible copyrights and therefore we met with many disappointments. When we came to the work of arranging the songs we found that no one of us was satisfied with anything we had in mind for the first page. Nothing seemed to introduce the spirit of the book as we desired. Often we had read and considered the words of revelation to President Joseph Smith as we found them in the *Doctrine and Covenants* (119: 6) regarding the service of song. The others of the committee turned to me with the demand for the words and to Audentia for music and we adjourned for a day or two.

How weak and inefficient I felt! The words of gifted and inspired writers had been under my eyes for weeks, words that went to the depth of my being and lifted me to exaltation of feeling, and when I thought of entering their field with my simple "children of the mind" my soul just shriveled as though sun smitten. In such a state of humility I entered into my share of the task and I had no ease with this out of mind. Then one day at the piano the first stanza came and the rest faster than I could pencil them. I had absolute faith in the musical accompaniment that would be produced by Audentia and how easy it was to let loose my words to the kind hearts with whom I had been associated in our work. The very thought of these friends had been stimulating as I had approached my task in the quiet hours when the household was still in my home.

As soon as I had finished that penciled copy I just sang for thankfulness, and I recall yet the comforting and reassuring words of each individual on that committee. Those summer days at the piano! May did most of the piano work but Audentia often relieved her. And now as I write, a sweet spiritual grace sweeps over my soul, recalling vividly the faces and presence of those friends. Sweet and heavenly.

Thus it came through the prompting and sustaining grace of

these friends I gained such favor with the Master that He permitted me to be the channel of grace for the words of the song, and the music was born of the same spirit and under the same circumstances, in the summertime, years ago, in the busy little town of Lamoni.

THE TUNE

(See Biography of Audentia Anderson.)

The Old, Old Path

Vida E. Smith, 1865-

Audentia Anderson, 1873-

There's an old, old path,
And the sun shines through
Life's dark storm clouds
From its home of blue

Refrain:
In this old, old path, made strangely sweet
By the touch divine of his blessed feet.

Find the old, old path,
'Twill be ever new,
For the Savior walks
All the way with you.

In this old, old path,
Are my friends most dear,
And I walk with them,
With the angels near,

'Tis an old, old path,
Shadowed vales between,
Yet I fearless walk
With the Nazarene,

"THE OLD, OLD PATH"

This hymn is loved by young and old. It is called for by children in the primary department and the frequent and heartfelt singing of it by congregations more mature attests the hold it has as a favorite. Sister Vida's own story will add to our enjoyment of it:

One of the simplest songs and yet the one that perhaps has given the greatest joy to the most people, in which I have any part is "The Old, Old Path." Sitting one day in the church after a wearing session of the primary department of the Sunday school, I heard the preacher take his text and start his sermon: "Find the old path and walk therein." He soon faded from my realization as my eyes rested on the swaying branches of the trees outside and the soft clouds against the blue sky, and I felt the nearness of congenial friends. I felt at home in the house of God and I felt at ease before his mercy seat. The glory of the message of the ancient prophet flooded my soul and opening my quarterly I wrote on the fly-leaf the words of the song exactly as they appear in the book.

I walked along toward home with Sister Alice Cobb, a dearly loved friend, trusted and adored by me, and laughingly I said to her, "See how I spent my time in church." We walked very slowly while she read. When she had finished her eyes were filled with tears, and I was surprised at her display of strong emotion. She urged me not even to go home, until I had shown it to Audentia and had her write a tune for it. So I ran in to my cousin's. She was busy with her babies and dinner preparation, but she took a copy which was easily done and said she'd let me know what she could do with it. And I went home. An hour later I sat at the piano and drummed out a little melody, and then she called me and we compared melodies. They were the same. Although we were blocks apart we had the same little tune for the same little verses.

I feel gratified that the lot was permitted me to be the channel of grace for this one little song. Sometimes I have said I just have to write verse. In this instance I hope it has proved a blessing. The little song was laid away and that summer the committee met to compile songs for the *Zion's Praises*. Sister May White was one of the committee and did most of the piano work. One day, while working at Sister Anderson's, Sister Viola Blair, another member of the committee, slipped a copy of this little song on the piano and said: "Play this, May, and see how Brother Pitt likes it." Immediately Brother Pitt and Sister May (afterward Sister Skinner) were delighted and they said this must go into our collection. So Sister May Skinner was the first one to play the "Old, Old Path" before a group of people and I am glad she loved it until the last hour of her life, a life beautiful in song and service. Sometimes I feel that maybe this song has gone before me as a passport into beautiful realms in eternity.

MARY AUDENTIA SMITH ANDERSON

Mary Audentia Smith, daughter of President Joseph and Bertha Madison Smith, was born March 23, 1873 at Plano, Illinois. With the removal of the Herald Office to Liberty Hall in Lamoni, Iowa, the family established their residence here and Audentia grew to womanhood. Here her education in music began, and after graduating from Lamoni High School, she took a course in music at Western Normal College in Shenandoah, Iowa. She taught music for a time and then continued her studies in the Graceland School of Music from which she was graduated in its different courses in 1906, 1907, and 1908.

She furnished the music for hymns written by some of her own family poets. We find her compositions with her cousin Vida's hymns, "Zion's Praises" and "The Old, Old Path," and with her cousin Elbert A. Smith's "Starlight and Song" in the 1930 *Hymnal*. She also wrote the music for cousin Vida's "Child of Galilee" and "The Sabbath Bell," both found in *Zion's Praises*. Of the latter collection she was one of the compiling committee.

She was married February 24, 1891 to Benjamin M. Anderson, who for several years was superintendent of the mechanical department of the Herald Publishing House at Lamoni, Iowa. In 1908 they moved to Independence, Missouri, where for five years she directed the Stone Church choir. For three years she was superintendent of the Department of Women of the church, editing its columns in the *Saints' Herald* and other publications.

In 1915 the family moved to Omaha, Nebraska, Mr. Anderson having been connected with the Carpenter Paper Company since 1902. He holds the office of high priest, and for four years he served as president of the Omaha congregation of the church.

During their residence in that city, Audentia Anderson became identified with various patriotic societies and has served in numerous offices in genealogical and historical organizations. As the result of the interest stimulated by these associations she is author of an exhaustive work on the *Ancestry and Posterity of*

Joseph Smith and Emma Hale. Also she has edited the *Memoirs* of her father, Joseph Smith III.

Seven children were born to Benjamin and Audentia Anderson, three of whom died in infancy. The others are Bertha Anderson (Mrs. Alfred W. Hulmes), Doris Zuleika (Mrs. Harlo G. Fredrick), Duane Smith, and Lucy Rogene, who like her mother is identified with the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Anderson home has been in Omaha, Nebraska, for some years past.

Consecration

Albert McCullough, 1901-

Hawaiian Melody

Arranged by Verna Schaar, 1906-

Unto God, who knows our every weakness,
With faith we lift our hearts in prayer,
Asking, in humility and meekness,
For his love, his direction, and his care.

Refrain:

In these latter days, with songs of praise,
We all must help to spread the gospel story,
Our every deed from sin be freed,
Till Zion we redeem.

Though the task be great that lies before us,
We trust in One divinely strong,
Knowing well at last we'll be victorious;
We will pray that the time will not be long.

Lord, accept the humble consecration
Of our lives, our talents, to thy cause,
Till thy word is preached in every nation,
And all men have a knowledge of thy laws.

"CONSECRATION"

Albert McCullough was an unfortunate little boy. His bones seemed to break like pipe stems,—first an arm, then a leg, then another break and another; but they mended each time and he

would attend school again and play with other boys, until a fresh accident overtook him. In the times when he was disabled friends were kind to him. Some brought him drawing materials and paints and he became quite an artist. He read a great deal and he thought a great deal.

A longer time than usual passed without an accident he was growing to be a young man. Then at a most inopportune time, again he broke a leg. The young people were holding "Zion Builder" services at the Brick Church in Lamoni where he lived and he had counted on being with them. Realizing his disappointment, friends came to tell him about the sermons and he partook of the Spirit of the meetings. He wanted to be a real "Zion Builder." What was there he could do to help? Not much, he feared, in his helpless condition.

Ray Whiting, then at Graceland College, was an attentive friend. One afternoon, two or three boys had come with him to talk over the meetings with Albert McCullough, the lame boy. One of them picked up a guitar and to his accompaniment they sang among other things, the Hawaiian song, "Aloha Oe." Ray Whiting remarked that this tune was so pretty that more sacred words ought to be used with it. As soon as Albert was alone, he began to write. Two stanzas and the chorus of this hymn to be sung to that tune were written at this time. The third stanza was written later.

George Anway and H. C. Burgess read the words of the song, then sang it and were pleased with it. George Anway gave it as a solo at the last meeting of the "Zion Builder" services. That was only the beginning of its helpful course, for it has become a favorite in the church, being sung by many who earnestly desire to help in bringing about the redemption of Zion.

Albert McCullough was born July 19, 1901 at New Trenton, Indiana. After some years his home was in Lamoni, Iowa, and it was here he was baptized on June 16, 1912. His mother died in 1918 and his aunt, Miss Carmichael, kept the home for him and gave him motherly care. It was in this home he wrote the words of the hymn, "Consecration."

Albert regained his strength and continued his school work.

He had had painting lessons from Mrs. Lucinda Carlile while still living in Lamoni and later the sale of some of his paintings helped to defray his school expenses.

After finishing high school he worked his way through Kansas University and in 1937 he received his doctor's degree in Zoology. He is now teaching in this institution at Lawrence, Kansas.

THE TUNE

(See Biography of Verna Schaar.)

PRESIDENT FREDERICK MADISON SMITH

Frederick Madison Smith, son of Joseph and Bertha Madison Smith, was born at Plano, Illinois, January 21, 1874. He was graduated from the Lamoni High School in June, 1891. After attending Iowa City Academy and Iowa State University, a year at each, he spent three years at Graceland College. He was the first Graceland graduate and the only one in the class of 1898. He was married August 3, 1897, by his father to Ruth Lyman Cobb, daughter of Elijah and Alice Elvira Cobb. His wife died May 4, 1926 as the result of an automobile accident. She was closely identified with various interests of the church. She was superintendent of the Women's Department for a number of years and was highly esteemed both for herself personally and for the aid she gave the womanhood of the church. She was the author of a book entitled *Frederick Madison Smith*, in which she gives an interesting delineation of the character of her husband, as she best knew him. Their home was blessed with two daughters, Alice Myrmida (Mrs. F. Henry Edwards), of Independence, Missouri, and Lois Audentia (Mrs. Edward Larsen), who with her family resides with her father near Independence, Missouri.

Before devoting himself exclusively to the church work Frederick M. Smith had some experience working for electric and telephone companies. He was ordained an elder in 1897, was ordained counselor to his father in 1902, and succeeded his

father as President of the church by ordination to this office May 5, 1915.

As editor-in-chief of the *Saints' Herald*, where his official messages are published, his writings are familiar to the church. In pursuance of his church work he has traveled widely in the United States and in 1920-22 he spent eighteen months in Europe and the Orient. In the special feature of the *Herald* "Little journeys with the editor-in-chief" he has given glimpses of places and conditions in many parts of this land. His book, *The Higher Powers of Man*, was written as his thesis upon graduation from Clark University, when he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. President Smith has a long list of attainments with titles attaching thereto and of affiliation with patriotic, economic, sociological, and other organizations, which must greatly have broadened his views and by which he has sought to qualify himself for the responsibilities of his position.

Onward To Zion

Frederick M. Smith, 1874-

Stephen Foster

Arranged by Helen Silsbee Smith, 1889-

Onward to Zion, faithful and strong,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on,
Onward and upward battle along,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on.
Onward to Zion, to Christ we belong,
With service the watchword, we fight against wrong;
Onward to Zion, march on with a song,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on.

We have the promise that Jesus will come,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on,
Let us be faithful, his will be done,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on.
Jesus the Savior meeting the throng,
Oh, may his coming be not delayed long;
To God be the glory, to Him lift the song,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on,
Zion the beautiful beckons us on.

"ONWARD TO ZION"

The phonograph record which supplied the music for "Come Sweet Comforter" was a double one. After writing the words to that song President Smith turned the record and played "Beautiful Dreamer" by Stephen Foster while he continued his pondering of the problems of the church. The realization of his hopes seemed so far away. From his earliest sober consideration of the position he now held there had been with him the determination to work for the ideals of Zion, to bend his energies to its establishment. Almost futile it seemed. Could he give up? No, not for one moment. That would be the part of a coward. As his purpose strengthened again within him, the words of "Onward To Zion" were given to him, for inspiration, not alone to himself, but to many who with him look for the fulfillment of the promises of God.

Late in the night of October, 1922, he called Mrs. Helen Silsbee Smith and consulted her about fitting the words to the tune, and the arrangement was made by her the following day.

THE TUNE

Helen Silsbee was born February 28, 1889. She attended grade school and high school in Lamoni, Iowa, and studied music at Graceland College. Later she attended Iowa University where her major was Latin. She secured her A. B. Degree in 1912. July 7, 1912, she was married at Lamoni by President F. M. Smith to Mark H. Smith, son of Norman and Ellen Smith. They have one son.

ELBERT AORIUL SMITH

Elbert Aoriul Smith, son of David Hyrum and Clara C. Hartshorn Smith, was born March 8, 1871, at Nauvoo, Illinois. His early youth was spent on a farm in western Iowa from which he moved with his mother in 1892, to Lamoni, Iowa, where he was in the employ of the Herald Publishing House. He married Clara Abagail, daughter of Asa S. and Mabel Church Cochran, September 4, 1895. Three children were born to them.

Lawrence David died in infancy. Ronald Gibson, a graduate of Graceland College, of the University of Kansas and of Stanford University, where he secured his Master's degree, is now teaching in the Teachers' College at Pittsburg, Kansas. Lynn Elbert, after a year at the State University at Lawrence, Kansas, was graduated from Graceland College. He then studied at the institution where his brother was teaching. Both sons hold office in the church. Ronald is an elder and Lynn a priest.

Elbert A. Smith was ordained a priest in 1898, an elder May 6, 1900, a high priest June 22, 1902, second counselor to his uncle President Joseph Smith in 1909, first counselor to President Frederick M. Smith, May 5, 1915, and Presiding Patriarch April 10, 1938.

Like his father, Elbert A. Smith is of artistic temperament, quick to see beauty and to appreciate things worth-while, and he has contributed much to the literary productions of the church. A collection of his poems is included with his father's in the book entitled *Hesperis*.

He served many years as editor of the young people's magazine, *Autumn Leaves*, and for nearly thirty years as assistant and associate editor of the *Saints' Herald*. The book, *Square Blocks*, comprises a number of his editorials and sermons. His works of fiction include *Joe Pine*, *Timbers for the Temple*, and *The Minister Who Was Different*. Blue Pencil Notes, Deacon Goodentart's Reflections, the Elder John Howard series, and many other articles from his pen have been welcome contributions to the *Saints' Herald*. He and his family have lived at Burlington and Lamoni, Iowa, San Bernardino and Los Angeles, California, and Independence, Missouri. In Burlington in his first pastorate "Brother Elbert" won the love of his congregation, and as the field of his ministry has widened many throughout the church have come to hold him in affectionate regard. He was released from his duties as counselor to the President and ordained Presiding Patriarch April 9, 1938.

Starlight and Song

Elbert A. Smith, 1871-

Audentia Anderson, 1873-

Silvery star, precious star,
Shining over Bethlehem,
Guiding wise men from afar,
In the still night leading them.

Refrain:

Starlight and song,
All the night long,
Heralds of morn,
Jesus is born.

Beautiful song, wondrous song,
Kneeling shepherds wept to hear,
Chanted by God's holy throng,
Singing peace and joy and cheer.

Baby Savior, born at night,
In the ages, long ago,
Angels sang and stars gave light
For thy humble home below.

Kingly Savior, throned tonight
In that holy land above,
Crowned with glory, clad in light,
Send thy messengers of love.

Lo, we hear the song o'er-head!
Lo, we see the star arise!
Like the wise men we are led,
In the still night unto Christ.

"STARLIGHT AND SONG"

This hymn "Starlight and Song," brings before us the age-old picture that is ever new. We weep with the kneeling shepherds and rejoice with the angels "singing peace and joy and cheer." In the stillness of that night, under beaming star and chanted song we look from the baby Savior to the Savior King enthroned, feeling deep desire that by his messengers of love he will lead us to himself.

THE TUNE

The tune written by the cousin of the author has the glad-some sound of the message; and the chorus in words and music exults in heralding the morn of the world's great day when "Jesus is born."

CHARLES FRY

Charles Fry was born February 13, 1872, in the peaceful, rural town of Devizes, Wiltshire, England, pledged to the service of God by his mother before his birth. The fifth in a family of ten children, he spent a happy childhood on a small farm near the town to which his father's business made it advisable later to remove. In the triple occupation of farming, milling, and baking, employment was found for all the children, though they were not deprived of free playtime in the beautiful surroundings.

Charles attended the public school in town and was constant in attendance at the Wesleyan Sunday School, until at the age of eleven years he chose to enroll in the Church of England Sunday school and to attend the other services of that church. Of this experience he writes, "I have always been thankful for the two years I attended the Church of England. It was there I was stirred by the lofty music and grand hymns common to these services."

In the midst of devoted attendance there, a call came for him to go to America. Assurance came to him that he would go and this feeling remained unshaken in the face of two denials by his parents. He had just finished the town school at the age of thirteen and his father was considering either further education or an apprenticeship for him, when this request came from his mother's sister for him to go to America. Finally, after a struggle his mother gave him up, perhaps feeling this was necessary in the keeping of her pledge to the Lord. His father's consent followed and he left his home strong in his faith for the future. Reaching America in July, 1885, after a stormy voyage during which his courage was undaunted, he arrived at a farm

near Tabor, Iowa, the home of his uncle and aunt, Elder and Mrs. E. C. Brand.

In less than a year he was baptized (March 29, 1886) and at his confirmation he was told by his uncle that his work would be in the ministry of the church, in the preaching of the gospel. While assisting with work on the farm, his education was continued in the rural school. Later, after giving up farm work, he attended school at Des Moines and Shenandoah, Iowa. In 1896 he was ordained a priest and he began preaching every Sunday. He taught school during the week. In 1900, having received evidence of his calling, he accepted an appointment as an active missionary and was soon ordained an elder. Later, in succession, he received ordination as a Seventy, a High Priest, and a Bishop.

He married Emily C. Kenney of Independence, Missouri, January 1, 1902.

After serving the church in various missions he was appointed bishop of the Kirtland, Ohio, district where much of the time he had charge of the Temple, living with his wife and youngest son in the former home of Sidney Rigdon close by. Their two other sons were away at school or at work.

Kirtland Temple, built by command of God, and by great sacrifice on the part of His zealous people, was dedicated in 1836; and those present were blessed with wonderful manifestations of his power during the ceremonies. In the years that followed, when the Saints were persecuted and scattered, the Temple was deserted and partly despoiled by vandalism. With the revival of the Lord's work in the Reorganization, the Temple again became an object of interest and of veneration.

The building was repaired and in 1883 the General Conference was held in it. Since that time it has been recognized as a center for the dissemination of information concerning the church, a great many tourists visiting it every year.

Of the time of his service in this place and of the hymns and tunes written there Bishop Fry tells us:

From 1924 to 1930 I was located at Kirtland, Ohio, and spent much time in the Temple, where I so often found the Divine presence that I regarded that building as the most sacred known to me

upon the earth. The many gatherings of Saints, the many outpourings of the Holy Spirit, the innumerable conversations with visitors, and the times of secret prayer have left with me a reverence and love I shall not soon lose. This temple is the one material work left by the "old church" and the only one, and as such it is the material tie that couples the Reorganization with the original church. In it one breathes the atmosphere of a hundred years ago, and pictures saintly men and women worshiping there. In it the Lord himself appeared, revealing himself in person, and declaring purposes yet to be fulfilled therein. In such a spiritual, historic and prophetic atmosphere who would not desire to give some utterance of praise or supplication to the God to whom this temple has been dedicated?

I never received any musical education except such as I acquired incidentally and the little I gained by self help. I learned to play hymns, which has been of invaluable help to me in my work and of great satisfaction in giving expression to impulses which at times spring up in my soul and which could not be expressed in any other way. How often have these impulses surged within me and I have found myself utterly powerless to set them loose. At such times I have felt as one in prison, bound and unable to use the latent gifts and powers divinely given, yet struggling to give to my Creator and Redeemer some tribute of praise of which he is worthy. But in this world my song can be little more than a prayer that the bars may be broken and that the unexpressed praise and adoration may some day spring forth to the glory of God. As mentioned before, I am not a musician and my offerings may be extremely imperfect but being the result of this suppressed desire I may be forgiven for venturing into a field which is not my own.

Elder Fry's eldest son, Evan A., served as editing member of the 1930 Hymnal committee, a position for which he was eminently fitted by a thorough education in music and by long experience in choir work. His father's musical desires seem to have found fruition in his son.

Kirtland

Charles Fry, 1872-

Charles Fry

O Lord, how can it be,
That I may come to eat with thee
This sacred heavenly food?

My robe is marked with sin;
 How can I come thy courts within,
 To eat and drink with God?

O Lord, by faith I see
 That thou didst give thyself for me,
 To cleanse my soul from sin.

In this sweet morning hour;
 Oh, seal on me thy cleansing power,
 That I may holy be.

And then with heart full free
 I reach my hand to eat with thee,
 In oneness with my God.

"O LORD, HOW CAN IT BE"

It was almost in the shadow of the "House of the Lord" in Kirtland in what was once the home of Sidney Rigdon that in 1928 Bishop Fry wrote the hymn which was by him entitled "The Temple Prayer." The words were written December 22 and the music "Kirtland" December 26. It was during the year 1929 that he wrote several tunes in response to the call of the Music Committee for material for the new *Hymnal*, two of which found their way into the new book.

Communion

Dr. Samuel Stennett, 1727-1795

Charles Fry, 1872-

Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
 To feed on food divine;
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.

He who prepares this rich repast,
 Himself comes down and dies;
 And then invites us thus to feast
 Upon the sacrifice.

Here peace, and pardon sweetly flow;
 O what delightful food!
 We eat the bread and drink the wine,
 But think on nobler good.

Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me, each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all endured for me.

Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Savior, so divine!
Well thou mayest claim this heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

"HERE AT THY TABLE, LORD, WE MEET"

Samuel Stennett, the author of the words, "Here at Thy Table, Lord, We Meet," was born in 1727 at Exeter, England, the son of a Baptist minister whom he succeeded in his pastoral office in London. He wrote a large number of hymns many of which are in use, especially in Baptist congregations. This communion hymn has been a favorite with Latter Day Saints from the early days of the church. It appeared in the Emma Smith collection of hymns printed in 1841 in Nauvoo, Illinois, published by F. Robinson. It has long been sung to the common meter tune "Ortonville," written by Doctor Thomas Hastings.

THE TUNE

New beauty and significance will be found in this old hymn with its new tune, "Communion," which was written at Independence, Missouri, in October, 1929. During the General Conference there the author was moved to go to the piano in the home of a friend to express sentiments of this hymn in music and the tune "Communion" was played through without hesitation just as it now appears in the new *Hymnal*.

LOUISE HILLS LEWIS

E. Louise Hills was born May 28, 1887, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. At that time her father, L. E. Hills, was yardmaster, on the Northwestern Railroad. Later he was yardmaster, trainmaster, and conductor on the C. M. and St. Paul Railroad. He left the road to go into missionary work and labored as a Seventy for many years.

Her mother was Helen S. Powers, daughter of Samuel Powers, who was an early Apostle in the Reorganization. He helped to ordain Joseph Smith as President of the church at Amboy, Illinois, in 1860.

Louise Hills was baptized at the age of eight years. She was graduated from high school at Marion, Iowa, in 1905. In 1906 she was married to Fred B. Farr, a Seventy, with whom she traveled for about eight years, helping in missionary and musical work. Elder Farr died in 1922. In 1924 she was married to Daniel Lewis, son of the revered patriarch, William Lewis.

Louise Hills Lewis began the study of music when a child. She studied piano and pipe organ under various private teachers. At the conservatory of music in Cedar Rapids she pursued her studies of voice, harmony, and directing, under Professor Orr. She has been director of many choirs and small orchestras in our own church and in Methodist Churches.

As a young girl at home she often sat at the little reed organ for hours at a time improvising tunes for favorite poems. After her marriage and missionary experience the urge to write hymn tunes would often come upon her, and she would work for hours, as she tells us, under a spirit of exultation and happiness. This was usually followed by a period of depression, when she could see no merit in the music. Then she would work it over and over, trying to perfect each chord, phrase and resolution, until finally she felt it might possibly do, though she never felt entirely satisfied.

Two tunes of her composition are included in the 1930 *Hymnal*, both of them admirably fitted to the words they accompany. They are "Confirmation" and "Hills."

Hills

George Rawson, 1807-1889

Louise Hills Lewis, 1887-

We limit not the truth of God,
To our poor reach of mind
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial and confined,
No, let a new and better hope

Within our hearts be stirred;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

From darkness our forefathers came
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall; our glorious sun
More fervid rays afford;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

O Father, Son and Spirit, send
Us increase from above;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend thy love,
And make us all go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

"HILLS"

George Rawson, author of the prophetic words of the hymn, "Hills," was born June 5, 1807, at Leeds, England. In this town he practiced for many years as a solicitor. In 1853 he assisted the Congregational minister in the compilation of hymns for worship, commonly known as the *Leeds Hymn Book*.

In 1858 he assisted the Reverend Doctor Green and other Baptist ministers in the preparation of a hymnbook for the use of Baptist denominations.

A number of George Rawson's own compositions first appeared in these two books. In 1876 he published a book containing eighty of his own hymns, verses, and chants.

He died March 25, 1889. His hymns are distinguished by refinement of thought, definite purpose, and propriety of language. Another of his very popular hymns appearing in our present hymnal is "Cast Thy Burden on the Lord."

THE TUNE

Stanzas under the title "The Savior's Love" were written by Robert Smith, who, when on a short visit with the Hills family, asked Louise to write the music for them. Her effort to write a tune appropriate for those words resulted in gaining the approval of their author and in a happy experience, as they all sang the hymn together. Later this tune was accepted to give expression to the hymn by George Rawson. It was named "Hills" in honor of the composer's father and mother.

ARTHUR B. PHILLIPS

Arthur B. Phillips was born October 7, 1873 at Ledyard, Connecticut. His father, Josiah F. Phillips, was a deacon and later a preacher in the Baptist Church and his mother was active in the local Quaker Church. From a wound received in the Civil War his father was disabled for many years, hence the financial resources of the family were very limited.

The love of music began early with the son, though he had no opportunity for its cultivation until some years later. However, while yet a boy he found satisfaction in fashioning a guitar from the heart of an old apple tree, patterning it after one owned by a neighbor. It is still prized for its tone and appearance by a brother-in-law who purchased it from him. The music that he was able to draw from it, in some degree satisfied his craving, but later as better opportunities offered he availed himself of them and he became quite proficient, though he was not graduated in music. He took other studies at Temple University and the University of Chicago and was graduated in law with an L. L. B. Degree.

Elders F. M. Sheehy and G. W. Robley took the message of the Restored Gospel to the community in Connecticut where the

Phillips family lived, and here in his nineteenth year A. B. Phillips was baptized (April 5, 1892) by Elder Robley. His father became deeply interested in the *Book of Mormon* and his mother in her later years was more favorable to his faith, but neither of them united with the church.

The year after his baptism the young convert addressed a religious convention of several denominations at Norwich, Connecticut, to which he was invited as one of the speakers. In 1895 he was ordained a teacher. He preached at several places in the vicinity of Boston and later in company with Elder A. M. Baker he held preaching services in New York State. In 1899 he was ordained a priest. In the summer of that year he entered the missionary field in California where later in the year he was ordained an elder. He remained in this mission about four years without a vacation. The work of Elder Phillips for the church has continued to this time.

After serving for some years under ordination (1902) as a Seventy he was ordained a President of Seventy (1913). He gave occasional service as pastor of some of the eastern branches of the church and as a missionary in more than twenty of the states, doing also some preaching in Canada. December 3, 1924, he was ordained a bishop and served as bishop of Holden and Lamoni Stakes. For several years he has done research work at church headquarters and has edited the "Question Time" page in *Zion's Ensign* and the *Saints' Herald*, and has written numerous articles for these papers. He is also author of the book, *The Restoration Movement*. He has been the regular radio speaker on Sunday nights over KMBC for about four years and has preached besides in several neighboring churches. He is recognized as one of our most logical and interesting writers and speakers. A writer of poems and of music, he has contributed to the world as well as to the church a number of notable compositions.

He wrote the sacred solo, "Within the Veil," after the death of a sister in 1907. It has passed through three editions in sheet music form and has been well received in America and in several foreign countries. In 1909, from a dream or a vision of Christ and His mission had by Elder Phillips, he wrote "The

King of Peace" a sacred solo. This solo has been issued for small orchestras and has been used by a number of orchestras in New York and elsewhere, also by several screen artists. "As a Wayward Stream" was written in 1910 and published the following year. It was inspired from reflections on the need of the world for divine help and guidance. "Rest," inspired by thoughts of yearning for the souls of the weak and unguided, was published in 1913. A new melody and harmonization for "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" was produced and published the same year. About this time several secular songs by this author were published, the most popular of them being "A Lassie By The Sea."

Guide Me, O My Savior

Arthur B. Phillips, 1873-

Arthur B. Phillips

Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
While life's way I weakly rove;
Lest I wander from beside thee,
Draw me with thy tender love;
If alluring paths deceive me,
Hold me closely by thy side;
Bid, oh, bid the tempter leave me,
Let my heart in thee abide.

Let my ear be swift to hear thee,
And my heart to heed thy call;
When earth's woes are surging near me,
Be thou still my hope, my all;
If thy watchful care enfold me,
Nothing will my heart repine;
From life's fevered ways withhold me,
Safely keep my hand in thine.

When my steps with age are weary,
And life's day is waning fast,
May the clouds, that seem so dreary,
Turn to clouds of gold at last;
When the dream of life is ended,
Savior, touch my fading sight,
Let my mortal view be blended
In the everlasting Light.

"GUIDE ME, O MY SAVIOR"

A number of hymns have been written by this author. The one given above, "Guide Me, O My Savior" is from the 1930 *Hymnal*. It was written during missionary work and was sung at various services where it seemed to have unusual appeal to many. The writer felt inspired in writing both the words and the music. Touching the heart with a sense of human weakness, it draws out the prayer for guidance, or for deliverance from the tempter's power and from allurements that deceive—a prayer to be drawn by the tender love that assuages every woe, and leads past the dangers and the darkness into the everlasting light. It is fitted to the needs of young or old, but the last stanza appeals especially to those whose eyes may be growing dim and whose years are almost spent.

CATHERINE McDougall

Catherine McDougall is the author of four hymns in the 1930 *Hymnal* and of numerous other poems. She was born January 1, 1868, at Omeo, Victoria, Australia, of Scotch parents.

At the age of seven years she became suddenly blind. After playing one day on the beach near her home at Lakes' Entrance in Gippsland, Victoria, she lay on the sand and fell asleep. When she awoke she was blind and she never recovered her sight.

For some years she was trained at home in all kinds of housework and was taught to sew, to knit, and to do other hand work. Her father was most particular in seeing that she should share the work with the rest of the family.

Later she was sent to the blind institute on St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, to receive the education provided for the blind. Here she had a life of hardship. In this place as elsewhere, at that time, the blind were treated as oddities rather than as human beings. Here Catherine McDougall had to earn her living by making brushes, mats, etc.

She could find her way about almost anywhere alone and she had a remarkable memory for places and voices. She was

wonderfully courageous, until she fell off the platform of the North Brighton station before an incoming train and was rescued just in time to save her life. After that she always secured a guide. Another time she had fallen into a gutter drain and people had passed her by thinking she was drunk, but finally someone kindly helped her out. She had some dreadful experiences, but she never failed to thank God for his love, his mercy, and his goodness. She was a woman who had to pray or she could not have accomplished what she did.

She was baptized in 1906, the only member of her family who united with the church, and her relatives were not in sympathy with her faith. However, from some source she was comfortably provided for. After a time she felt heart-broken over her uselessness in the church. She sent up heart-rending prayers to God, asking him to help her and to give her a talent or gift that she might be of some use. Many nights she prayed about it. God answered her prayer and she was given the gift of writing hymns and other poetry.

Catherine McDougall had a great compensation in her books printed in Braille. When sleepless, she frequently read during the night. Not needing a light she could pass her fingers over the words as she lay in bed and thus keep her mind occupied while others slept. She had her Bible always at hand, and she was very familiar with it and with much other literature.

Seemingly she never wasted a waking moment. She was an expert knitter and made hundreds of pairs of socks for the Red Cross, and every baby of a church family within her knowledge would receive a pair of bootees or a bonnet fashioned by her hands. Notwithstanding her handicap she made a success of life. She helped to organize the association for the aged blind and for years she collected funds with which a home was built for them in Brighton, Victoria. In her spare time she would visit the sick and needy, the blind or those who were not blind. She cheered all. She was a masseuse, and helped many in that way who could not afford professional treatment.

For years she was president of the Women's Department of Richmond branch, and was assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. She gave inspiring talks and lectures, gained many

honors for impromptu speeches and stories, and wrote much poetry.

She found many friends in the church, some of whom carefully met her at the train in the city of Melbourne, where later she attended services. Among her friends were the Gresty family with whom she had most congenial associations.

Miss McDougall was ill for a time in Melbourne, then she went to Bairnsdale, Victoria. From this place she passed to the glories of which she dreamed, some time prior to 1930, but we have not the date of her death. She was a wonderful woman who lived a beautiful life, and left worth-while "foot prints on the sands of time."

Driftwood

Catherine McDougall, 1868-1929

Elsa Gresty, 1894-

Am I like driftwood on some shore
Where sweet flowers bloom and never die,
Where ripened fruit in clusters hangs
Beneath a fair and cloudless sky?

Am I—I ask myself with tears—
Where fruits are rich and flowers are fair,
The useless wood brought by the tide,
And year by year left idly there?

Alas, for me! Is there no fruit?
Not e'en a flower that I might bring,
As token of a grateful heart,
To him, my gracious Lord and King?

O Father, from a stricken heart
This lonely cry goes up from me,
Now in thy pity and thy love,
Tell me what I can do for thee.

"DRIFTWOOD"

Catherine McDougall had a friend, also a church member, to whom she became very closely attached. This sister gave her the kindest attention and always called for her to walk with her

to services, where their interest was centered. But the friend was not so firmly grounded in her faith as to withstand any trial that might come, and some adverse shock caused her to turn abruptly away. She advised Miss McDougall to give it all up—the church and any faith in God. In bitterness of spirit she said—"What does it amount to? And you are blind! What can you do?"

Stricken with grief by the change in her friend and by the sharp words that increased her feeling of helplessness she wrote, "Am I Like Driftwood." All around her was living wood, bearing fruits and flowers. Realizing the contrast between herself and those who could see, and longing to bring some token of a grateful heart she cried out, "Is there no fruit, not e'en a flower that I might bring?" Then appealing to the love and pity of her gracious Lord, in anguish she prayed, "Tell me what I can do for Thee."

Such a prayer is not sent forth in vain. The very voicing of her woe and the faithful love that spoke through her hymn will bear fruit in other lives. And such fruit was continuously taking form in her own life. She loved to tell of her experiences in the church and was one of the most faithful in bearing her testimony and in offering prayer in the gatherings of the Saints. Few of us have heard these testimonies or her prayers, and no memory of them may long be held by any, but their influence will be passed on. And we have her hymns.

THE TUNE

Elsa Victoria Gresty, second daughter of John T. and Julia Ann Coad Gresty, was born June 19, 1894, at Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. She, like her sister Myra, is a gifted composer, having written nearly thirty hymn tunes, besides other compositions. She is also an able pianist. She had excellent training under the direction of her father.

When she was fourteen years of age, with her parents and family she gave heed to the gospel teaching and was baptized March 26, 1908. Her interest in the church continued and she gave of her musical talents in vocal and instrumental numbers whenever requested.

Her tune, "Driftwood," in the *Hymnal* is fitted to the pathetic words by Catherine McDougall, "Am I Like Driftwood?"

Elsa Gresty became the wife of W. J. Vaughan, a Seventy in the mission field in Australia. To them were born a son and two daughters.

Prayer

Catherine McDougall, 1868-1929

Myra Gresty, 1890-

When the light is slowly stealing
Through the eastern sky,
Do we then with holy feeling
Lift our hearts on high?

When the day in fullest splendor
Floods the earth abroad,
Do we kneel with feelings tender,
Bless the name of God?

When the rosy sunset lingers
In the distant west,
Like the touch of angel fingers,
Soothing us to rest.

When the shades of night are creeping,
Round us stars do peep,
Do we thank him for his keeping,
E'er we fall asleep?

"PRAYER"

It is said that Catherine McDougall lived very near to God, and her hymn "Prayer" bears witness of her day-long consciousness of him. To those who "do always remember him" it is easy to turn Godward with holy, tender, thankful feelings as the day begins, when it is at its full, and when it closes, as the hymn suggests. What poetic appreciation of "the sky's softening graces when day is just gone" is expressed in the words, "Like the touch of angel fingers soothing us to rest." The whole hymn reminds us to give grateful acknowledgment of God's care.

THE TUNE

Myra Emyntrude Gresty was born October 29, 1890, at North Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, the first child of John T. and Julia Ann Coad Gresty.

Under the tuition of her father, the noted composer and orchestrator, and other instructors she became a wonderful musician even in her childhood. Later she was a professional artist, solo pianist, and coloratura soprano. In her ninth year she played the works of the masters from memory. At the age of fourteen years, before an audience of four thousand at a concert in Sydney, given by a great world violinist, she played from memory Mendelssohn's G Minor concerto, which takes half an hour. Her father directed the orchestral accompaniment.

Later on her voice was discovered, a very high soprano voice of great volume. She has sung before John Sousa, director of the famous Sousa Military band, who invited her to come to America. She is also a composer of note.

March 26, 1908, she was baptized with all members of her father's family. She married Bishop Albert W. Craig. She continued her vocal training with the anticipation that at some time she would be able to use her gift of song in the work of the church, but failing health caused such plans to be dropped.

Two of her compositions in the *Hymnal* accompany words written by Catherine McDougall, "Prayer" and "McDougall." One of the most beautiful of her hymn tunes is that so often sung by Elder F. G. Pitt, to the words, "He will hold my hand," which were written also by Catherine McDougall. The story of this hymn may be read elsewhere under the heading of these words.

McDougall

Catherine McDougall, 1868-1929

Myra Gresty, 1890-

Across the far blue hills of time,
Beyond the western gate,
There is a far serener clime,
Where patient loved ones wait.

S. of H.—10

They long have crossed those hills of time,
Have crossed the narrow sea,
And in a fairer, happier clime,
In patience wait for me.

I sometimes fancy as I gaze
Across those hills afar,
I see the western gates ablaze,
And know they are ajar.

I seem to see the shining throng
Who through them passed before,
And catch the echo of the song
They sing on that fair shore.

"McDOUGALL"

Myra Gresty, who wrote the music for this hymn, named it "McDougall" in honor of the author. It was written, no doubt, in a time of loneliness. Catherine McDougall lived in the beyond. Many of her loved ones had passed away in the prime of life and she often said they were waiting for her on the other side.

In this hymn she pictures her gaze reaching beyond the hills of time to that serener, happier clime where loved ones await the coming of those they have left behind. Though her eyes were closed to the beauties of this earth her fancy made entrancing pictures of what might be hereafter.

THE TUNE

(See biography of Myra Gresty.)

God Is Love

Catherine McDougall, 1868-1929

John T. Gresty, 1861-1932

God is love! The earth proclaims it,
Clouds and stars and skies above,
Birds and bees and flowers are whispering
Everywhere that God is love.

S. of H.—11

God is love! The mountain torrent
Sings it on its joyous way;
Wood and glen and mighty ocean
All proclaim his love today.

God is love! Can we be silent
While all nature sings of him?
He is listening to the anthem
Of the glorious Seraphim.

God is love! He hears his praises
Through celestial choirs above;
Yet he loves to hear his children
On the earth sing, "God is love!"

"GOD IS LOVE"

Remarkable for one having had unseeing eyes after her seventh year, is the depiction of earth scenes in this hymn that sings of God's love. One whose eyes had feasted long on the wonders of creation could not bring before us more clearly the clouds and stars, the birds and bees, the flowers, mountain torrent, wood and glen, and mighty ocean as provisions of God's love.

How she stirs us to remembrance with the question, "Can we be silent, while all nature sings of him?" Then she brings the sweet assurance, though he hears his praises sung by choirs celestial, "Yet he loves to hear his children on the earth sing, 'God is love!'"

THE TUNE

The music in the new *Hymnal* of which John T. Gresty is the composer is set to the words, "God Is Love," by Catherine McDougall. This hymn was sung at his funeral. He was a great admirer of Catherine McDougall's poetry and he wrote the tunes for a number of her hymns, and also for words written by other authors who were members of the church in Australia.

JOHN THOMAS GRESTY

John Thomas Gresty was born September 24, 1861, at Castlemaine, Victoria, Australia.

A musician of broad education and extensive culture, he devoted himself to musical interests over a long period of years. He began his study of music at a very early age and practically all his musical knowledge was self taught. For many years he applied himself closely to the study of harmony, orchestration, counterpoint, fugue and musical composition. He became noted in his own country as a composer and director of orchestras, and was in great demand as a competent and experienced orchestrator.

He married Julia A. Coad, and to this union were born three children, Myra Ermyntrude, William Henry, who was organist of Balmain branch for many years, and Elsa Victoria. Mr. Gresty provided a home of comfort for his family, where his children had educational advantages, especially in music for which they were fitted by inheritance.

In 1908 he and his family came in contact with the church and all were baptized, and he, being a zealous lover of the gospel, made advancement in the church from the day on which he united with it. He served locally as a priest for a time in the Balmain branch, then as an elder. He was ordained to that office June 10, 1914. During this time he continued his work as an orchestrator.

December 24, 1916, he was ordained a patriarch, and after accepting this responsibility he felt he must give himself wholly to the work of the Lord. Resigning the income his musical profession had brought him, his family united with him in making the sacrifice necessary to adjust themselves to changed conditions, the humbler home without hired help and other luxuries to which they had been accustomed, in order to live within the church allowance. All this was done with the utmost patience and cheerfulness.

In his work as an evangelist Elder Gresty gave consecrated service. He was a man of great faith and he was diligent in seeking the blessings the Lord would have bestowed upon others.

He enjoined upon those seeking a blessing to do so in fasting and prayer.

Still a musical enthusiast, he worked for a number of years on his oratorio, *The Course of Time*. It is built along the same lines as the oratorio, Handel's *Messiah*. With an accompaniment of symphony orchestra and organ it portrays the history, ideals, and fulfillment of the Restoration purpose. Elder Gresty came to America at the request of the general church in the interest of the special musical program planned for the Centennial celebration in April, 1930, which he had had in mind in preparing his oratorio. He directed this wonderful production at that conference. At the time of his death, March 25, 1932, he had been engaged in intensive preparation for the oratorio, *The Messiah*, to be given at the General Conference of that year.

Memorial services were held in Australia and in America for this man who was great, not alone in his ministry and in his musical contributions to the church and to the world, but in his cultivation of humility and other qualities that Jesus said were blessed.

His wife preceded him in death some years before he left Australia. At the time of her last illness, Elder Gresty also was very ill, and could not see his wife when she passed away. When told of his loss he looked up through blinding tears and simply said, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. I will not murmur nor repine beneath the chastening rod, but say through my tears, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' It was a terrible blow but I realize my wife's work was finished. I would not wish her back in her poor suffering body, but am comforted in the thought that she is resting in the paradise of God."

To the Saints he sent this message: "My only desire is that I may be preserved in health that I also may finish the work the Master has given me to do. My faith in this great Latter Day work is stronger than ever. Tell them to go forward, being united in love and being willing to sacrifice all for the advancement of the great work of God."

His musical compositions include "The Prize Common-

wealth Ode;" a big fugal work; also numerous songs, anthems and hymns; many compositions not published; and the crowning work of his life—his oratorio, *The Course of Time*.

At the impressive memorial service in Australia the choir and large audience stood in reverent silence while the "March Funebre" from *The Course of Time* was rendered on the organ. Most of the numbers for that service were taken from that production.

ROY A. CHEVILLE

Roy Arthur Cheville, son of George and Charlotte Bachou Cheville, was born on a farm near Maxwell, Iowa, October 2, 1897. His mother was born in Yorkshire, England and his father near Guelph, Ontario. They made their home in Rhodes, Iowa, in 1911. Before this Roy attended rural school.

In Rhodes the Latter Day Saints were holding their meetings in private houses. During a series of special meetings held in the town hall Roy Cheville and his sister were invited to help with the music. At the close of the services both were baptized, January 14, 1914. They were sung into the church, and love of music has continued with him, contributing much to his enjoyment and his usefulness.

He was ordained a deacon in February, 1915, and was graduated from high school the following May. He attended Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, the next year, taught a rural school in 1916-17 and attended Iowa State Teacher's College the following summer.

He was ordained a priest, October, 1917, and during that school year he taught a town school in northern Iowa, returning to Des Moines University in the fall of 1918. He served as pastor of the branch at Nevada, Iowa, and was ordained an elder in October, just after reaching the age of twenty-one years.

In the fall of 1919 he enrolled in Graceland College in the first class in religious education, but a six weeks' siege of typhoid fever cut him off from school work for that year. In January, 1920, he was able to resume missionary labor and in the Des Moines District he was made counselor to the president, district chorister, and leader of recreation and expression.

He returned to Graceland in the fall of 1920 and was graduated in 1921. At that time he contracted to return to Graceland to teach in the field of religion, so he entered the University of Chicago. From this institution he received the degree of Ph. B. in the spring of 1922, and that of A. M. in the summer of 1923. While studying there he worked in the Central Chicago Branch as director of young people's activities. The subject of his A. M. thesis was, *The Function of Music in Religious Education.*

Elder Cheville began work on the faculty of Graceland College in the fall of 1923. He continued attendance at summer sessions of the University of Chicago and received the degree of B. D. in the summer of 1925. He took studies in religious education, social science, theology, and church history. His thesis for the B. D. degree was *The Junior Church*, a pioneer piece of research in that field. In the summer of 1926 he attended the University of California and there wrote the "Alma Mater Song."

In the spring of 1925 he began work in the Lamoni Stake as counselor to its president, W. E. Prall. He was ordained a high priest August 9, 1925. In 1930 he was made counselor to acting President T. S. Williams. In 1931 he was ordained counselor to the President of the Stake, Blair Jensen. In recent years, as director of the church school his field of service has been that of religious education.

At Graceland his fields of instruction have been in religion and social science.

He was a member of the first A Cappella chorus organized at Graceland and he continues with this society each year. He has been president of the Lamoni-Graceland Oratorio Society from the time of its organization.

Roy A. Cheville was married to Nell Weldon of Oakland, California, December 23, 1929, with a beautiful wedding ceremony in the Brick Church at Lamoni, to which Elder Cheville in a public service personally invited all members of the branch, feeling they were his friends and therefore interested in this important step in his life. This seems indicative of his oneness with the people.

College students look to him as the embodiment of high ideals and he holds a warm place in their hearts. With them

he is a true comrade, giving of himself freely in sympathetic understanding of their problems and quick grasp of their attitudes. With his musical ability, his good cheer, and sense of humor he is an enthusiastic leader of recreation on the campus, at reunions, or wherever there is call for it. But he is just as ready with the more serious parts of his work and his inspiring influence is felt in all lines of church activity. That he is happy in his service may be read from his face.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheville have a young son, Richard Arthur, born December 26, 1931, and a baby daughter, Charlotte Estelle, born January 11, 1937.

Alma Mater Hymn

Roy A. Cheville, 1897-

Roy A. Cheville

Arranged by Verna Schaar, 1906-

Oh, come, ye sons of Graceland all,
And join our happy throng,
With loyal voices let us raise
Our Alma Mater song;
O Hillcrest, home of vision wide,
Where brotherhood holds sway
Where men may learn in life and lore
'Tis thee we praise today.

Through memory a thread shall run,
Of golden richness made,
Cementing there the treasures rare
In thy foundation laid;
O Alma Mater, guide us on,
Thy standard e'er unfold,
And call us on with memories
Of days 'neath the Blue and Gold.

Through years and decades long to come
Thy battlemented tower
Shall rise to call the youth of lands
To answer to the hour;
And while thy work shall carry on,
Our benisons are told
In lives of honor, truth, and right;
The seal of the Blue and Gold.

"ALMA MATER HYMN"

The march, "Greater Graceland," composed by Joseph H. Anthony in 1921 is the earliest surviving music Graceland can claim for her own. The trio from it came to be used for the song, "Forward Now, Old Gold and Blue."

At the commencement banquet of 1925 "Graceland Forever" was introduced. About the same time "Graceland Blues" found its way into campus singing. Still there was need for something better fitted for more serious gatherings. Among others bearing this need in mind was Roy A. Cheville, instructor in religious education at Graceland. In his own words we have the story of the writing of the "Alma Mater Hymn"—

After waiting some time for a suitable hymn I began to wonder what should go into it. I asked myself what stood out in my own mind, when I contemplated the memories of my own student days, and when I visioned the years ahead. It seemed that my reveries fell into this grouping—the life on today's campus, the reminiscence of former years, and the greater Graceland that is to be. Anyone living in such reflections for a while finds himself drawn in a warmth of feeling toward his Alma Mater and an unspoken pledge of loyalty rises in his heart. In such a resolution the college hymn might well find its climax.

In 1926, I spent six weeks at the University of California at Berkeley. Traveling alone always affords a good opportunity for mental housecleaning and dreaming. On a pullman car out in Colorado I began to think about next year's work at Graceland. I was far enough away from its busyness to throw a poetic glamour about the college and its future. In that mood I sketched the skeleton of a poem. Each evening at Berkeley I wandered through the hills about the town. One day I took my sketch of lines and went up the hills just back of the campus. Stretched out under the eucalyptus trees and looking toward the Golden Gate I wrote the lines, as we now sing them.

There was nothing of pretension about them—they were merely my own feelings. They began with the words that presumably rise spontaneously from a group of Gracelanders as they suggest a song for their Alma Mater. The tune went along with the words—it was not an afterthought. I had always felt that a steady, dignified air with a stately tempo should be the musical setting. I sketched off the notes and passed them on to Franklyn Weddle, then a student at Graceland. He worked out a tentative arrangement, that was used until Verna Schaar effected the form that is used today.

VERNA SCHAAAR

Verna Schaar, daughter of Vincent V. and Emma Warnock Schaar, was born August 14, 1906, at Cleveland, Ohio. When she was one year old her parents moved to Detroit, Michigan, where the family lived for eleven years. For the past eight years their home has been at Lake Orion, Michigan.

Verna has two brothers and four sisters. All are musical; all sing and play some instrument, as do the father and mother, so they have quite a family orchestra. Verna began taking piano lessons when she was eight years old and she has studied almost continuously ever since. Her mother instilled in her a love for good music and she has been singing in choirs since she was ten. She could always sing "parts," alto and tenor, and a favorite diversion of the five sisters when together has been to sing songs in three, four or five parts, a cappella.

Their father and mother have been devoted church workers. Elder Schaar has served as Sunday school superintendent of the Eastern Michigan and Detroit districts for many years and as president of the Lake Orion branch of the church for a number of years. He is an excellent teacher and, like him, Verna delights in teaching. She became a member of the church when she was nine years old.

Miss Schaar took violin lessons in her fifteenth year and soon began playing in orchestras. At sixteen she was graduated from the high school in Lake Orion, and after four years of working she spent three years at Graceland College in Lamoni, where she was graduated from the public school music course under Mabel Carlile, head of the conservatory. She is a member of Lambda Delta Sigma, honorary scholastic organization, and upon graduation she was presented with the gold seal of the college for outstanding work in the field of music, orchestra, oration, and the A Cappella chorus.

Verna Schaar taught music two years in the schools at Tingley, Iowa. For a time she gave private piano lessons at home, and later had a studio in the Arts and Crafts Building at Kirtland, Ohio. She has taught church school classes of young people and has assisted with the music for the branch and young

people's group. She has always enjoyed the hymns and the harmony delighted her. She has been composing and arranging music for several years. While at Graceland she arranged the accompaniment for "Graceland Forever" and the harmonization for the "Alma Mater Hymn."

WARREN K. McELWAIN

Warren K. McElwain, son of Warren and Maud Kennicutt McElwain, was born January 25, 1904, at Lansford, North Dakota.

The home of Warren K. has always been in North Dakota where he was graduated from high school in 1922. The following four years were spent at college; two at Graceland and two at Minot State Teacher's College.

Concerning the years at Graceland Warren says, "To me those two years furnish experience which will be memorable throughout life. The friendships formed there among the students and faculty were the most enjoyable ones ever experienced. The enlargement and refinement of vision and the ideals of the church program received while there, I consider one of the greatest contributions to my life."

Warren is fond of music. He has done band and orchestra work since grade school days, and he plays several instruments. He feels that if he had had the opportunity earlier in life, music would have been his choice for life work.

He received his B. A. degree from Minot State Teacher's College in 1926. Since then he has taught in high schools of North Dakota. He was ordained a priest in 1926 and an elder in 1932.

In 1930 he was united in marriage to Inez Chase of Rich Hill, Missouri. A little daughter, Joyce Yvonne, came to their home in 1932.

Graceland Forever

Warren K. McElwain, 1904-

Warren K. McElwain

Arranged by Verna Schaar, 1906-

Graceland forever, dear Alma Mater,
Long may she ever firm keep her stand;
Her sons and daughters carry to others
Her fame throughout the land. (Rah! Rah! Rah!)
Graceland College, we're all for you;
Strong, united, loyal and true;
We'll carry on till victory is won;
O Graceland, we're all for you.

"GRACELAND FOREVER"

Graceland Forever!—have you heard its chords over the air? It has been used as the theme music for Graceland College radio programs. When recognized with a thrill by some who have not been of Graceland, it stirs the query—what must it mean to those who are her sons and daughters?

Warren McElwain, the author of this song, had made various attempts at writing tunes. He felt the need of a marching song for Graceland. As a member of different bands he had played a euphonium and the marching type of song made the strongest appeal to him. He was inspired to make the effort to write a song while present in enthusiastic college services where school songs were sung. A suggestion by Roy Cheville lingered long in his mind. It was to the effect that some day the future Graceland students would be singing songs original with Graceland authors in both words and music.

Warren McElwain prayed for divine guidance in writing a song. One night he dreamed he was at some college pep meeting where a college band, dressed in uniform and leading a parade, was playing a march that was new and different. At the end of the march he awoke with the melody still in his memory. He hummed it over a few times and decided to write it in the morning. But in the morning it was gone, and for a time he could not recall it.

Later in the day he took his horn and after playing awhile he caught snatches of the melody, until finally he had it all in mind. The next day he wrote the words sitting in the library of the Administration Building. At first the song had no accompaniment, as the young author had never studied harmony. Loene Kebler, a piano student, improvised an accompaniment when the composition was used. Later, the present accompaniment was arranged by Verna Schaar.

The song grew in popularity after the first year. It was introduced the next year at a football banquet, where it met with approval and soon was being whistled over the campus. Also at the young people's convention that year it received enthusiastic appreciation. Since then no one ever leaves Graceland without having learned to love this song. It becomes one of the cherished memories.

THE TUNE

(See biography of Warren K. McElwain.)

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